

WHOLE NUMBER 9092

NEWPORT, R. I., NOVEMBER 12, 1921

VOLUME CLXIII—NO. 23.

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JO IN P. SANBORN, A. H. SANBORN, Editors.

Mercury Building,
THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Newport, R. I., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Established June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. In the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest newspaper in English language. It is an independent weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected intelligence and valuable features and household departments, reaching as many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Term \$2.00 a year. In advance. Single copies, in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at office of publication.

Specimen copies sent free and special terms given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

ARMISTICE DAY

Friday was Armistice Day and was regarded as a general holiday in Newport, the observance being much more general this year than in previous years. The occasion this time was of even more than the usual significance, as the day was observed as a Memorial day for the deceased comrades of the World War and especially for the unknown soldier who was interred with all honor and ceremony in the National Cemetery at Arlington Friday morning. Nearly all stores and places of business in Newport were closed for the entire day.

In accordance with the expressed wish of the committee in charge of the observance there was very little of a holiday nature going on, and some sports that had originally been scheduled were postponed. It was the wish of the committee that the day be regarded as one of mourning rather than as one of celebration. This attitude was endorsed by the board of aldermen by vote, passed at the weekly session on Wednesday evening, although the board had no authority beyond the mere passing of the vote.

There was a general display of the national colors on Friday, the orders being to display the flags at half-staff from sunrise to sunset. The members of Newport Post of the American Legion went to Pawtucket in the early morning to take part in the observance there, so were unable to participate in the parade here.

The principal feature of the day was the street parade in the afternoon, which was expected to be a very creditable affair considering the absence of any regular naval forces. Frank P. Gormley, former post commander of Newport Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, was marshal and had a staff composed of representatives of the various bodies in line. The line was made up of a detail from the regular army at Fort Adams, with the Seventh Artillery Band, a company of Marines from the Torpedo Station, members of the Naval Reserve force, Newport Artillery Company, Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., C. M. Thomas Camp, Spanish War Veterans, Newport Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and Sea Scouts.

The parade was scheduled to start from Broadway and Washington Square promptly at 2:30 and move over the following route: Broadway to Powel avenue, to Kay street, to Bellevue avenue, to Young street, to Washington Square, to Broadway, to Everett street, passing in review at the City Hall.

Friday was an ideal day for the Armistice Day observance and although it was a trifle cool it proved excellent for the marchers and was comfortable for the throngs who lined the sidewalks to see the parade pass.

There was a large gathering at the Memorial service at the Opera House at 11 o'clock, this being under the auspices of Newport Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. Rev. William Safford Jones, minister of Channing Memorial Church, was the orator and delivered a stirring address. The ritual of the Veteran Association, which was seen for the first time by a large gathering, proved to be very impressive.

At noon, there was a complete cessation of all forms of activity for a period of two minutes in connection with the services at the grave of the unknown soldier which were being held in Washington.

DISTINGUISHED GENERAL HERE

Newport has been honored this week by a visit from General Armando Diaz, the distinguished commander of the Italian armies during the World War, and has shown her appreciation of his services by a stirring demonstration in his honor. The General remained in Newport two days, and at no time did he have occasion to feel any lack of interest on the part of the citizens of Newport. He departed on Thursday after expressing in highest terms his appreciation of a public demonstration.

The General arrived from Welford-Tuesday noon, a government destroyer having been sent up to bring him to Newport, and a large reception committee accompanying the vessel. On arrival here the party landed at the Torpedo Station, where the Marine guard and the civilian employees were drawn up to meet him, and then took the ferry boat across to the Government Landing, where an immense crowd of citizens were assembled, as well as representatives of all the Government Stations here. As the destroyer came into the harbor a salute was fired from the Training Station.

A line was formed under Marshal Frank P. King, headed by the Seventh Artillery Band from Fort Adams, and escorted the General and his Aide, Prince Ruspoli, to the City Hall, where Mayor Mahoney delivered an address of welcome in behalf of the city, to which General Diaz made an eloquent response. The General then laid a handsome wreath on the Roll of Honor at the City Hall, after which the line re-formed and proceeded down Thames street on its way to the residence of Dr. and Mrs. George Cerio, "Belair," where General Diaz was a guest during his visit.

The city was quite elaborately decorated in honor of the distinguished visitor, and the Italian colors were everywhere in evidence. The escort was largely made up of Italian citizens, as well as by veterans of the World War, some of them wearing decorations indicative of distinguished service for the Italian flag.

These decorations were quickly noted by the Italian General and he took occasion to speak at length with the veterans. At the residence of Dr. Cerio he held an informal reception and greeted many of his fellow countrymen.

On Wednesday a delegation of Italian citizens called upon General Diaz at the Cerio residence and presented him with a loving cup and a pair of silver candlesticks as a token of their esteem. The General was visibly affected by the gift, but responded to the presentation speech in his usual eloquent manner.

Later in the day, the General visited Fort Adams, where he was greeted with a salute from the heavy guns, and the Naval Stations. He was taken for a ride about the city and also visited the country residence of Dr. and Mrs. Cerio at Third Beach, stopping also at St. George's School, where he was given a hearty welcome by the boys. He made an address to the boys and was heartily applauded. The remainder of the day he spent rather quietly, as he had expressed a desire to obtain rest while here.

The General left the city on Thursday morning and was given a hearty send-off. He expressed himself as deeply appreciative of the warmth of his reception.

The rain of this week helped a little to relieve the general drought that has prevailed in Newport for many months. With the exception of two heavy electrical storms during the summer, there has been but a very slight rainfall since early spring and the ponds are very low. But Newport is better off than many parts of northern New England, where the farmers have been carting water for their live stock for many weeks.

The heavy blow late last week accomplished considerable damage in Newport and vicinity. The great pontoons for the floating dry dock, which were built in Portsmouth and had started for New York under tow, were blown away from the tugs and led several vessels a merry chase before they were finally rescued.

Two former soldiers at Fort Adams have been sentenced to 60 days in the Providence County jail on charges of breaking and entering the Olmsted residence on Ocean avenue. The break occurred some time ago, but the men have been serving time in the house of correction in Massachusetts.

The local Carpenters' Union has fixed the scale of wages at 90 cents an hour. The Master Carpenters are offering 80 cents for men to work in open shop.

NEWPORT BEACH LEASE

The various bodies interested in the lease and development of Newport Beach are hard at work, and it is expected that within a comparatively short time definite action will be in order. The Beach Commission of the city held a hearing late last week, at which many divergent ideas were expressed, but it was very evident that the people of Newport are deeply interested in the matter. The committee from the Chamber of Commerce has also held several meetings this week and will soon have a complete plan ready for presentation. In the meantime the association of summer residents which was formed for the purpose of making a proposition on the Beach is hard at work on plans and will doubtless have something interesting to offer.

The ideas concerning the Beach are so widely at variance that it is absolutely certain that a large part of the citizens will be dissatisfied with whatever action the city may take. Some are in favor of a new lease to the present Newport Beach Association for a long term of years, with the probability that the business will be carried on along lines somewhat similar to those of the past ten years, with the addition of new buildings and more amusements. Others are heartily opposed to the development of the Beach for anything but bathing purposes in the most conservative manner, and do not wish anything there to draw the excursionists. Some want a short term lease as an experiment, while still others want the Beach run for the benefit of the city without lease to private parties. It will hardly be possible to reconcile all these different views, and the Beach Commission will doubtless recommend what they feel to be for the best interests of the city, with the full knowledge that many people will be displeased with whatever they do.

The Beach Commission, under Chairman Geo. H. Buckholz, has made a deep and careful study of the entire proposition and has visited many of the best conducted beaches in the East, including those around Boston and around New York. Their decision will be reached only after careful and mature consideration.

The members of the Rhode Island Library Association assembled at the Art Association on Monday for their Fall session, when the address of welcome was delivered by Rev. Rodrick Terry, D. D., President of the Redwood Library. President George L. Hinckley of the Association presided at the business session, and Miss Mary E. Robbin conducted a round table on small libraries. At the afternoon session, Miss Eleanor M. Barker read a paper on the Norman Library of the Rogers High School and Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., delivered an address on the Boston Atheneum.

The wedding of Miss Helen Weaver, daughter of Mrs. Frank M. Wheeler and Mr. William Stephen Walsh of Alexandria, Va., took place in St. Joseph's Church on Monday morning, and was attended by a number of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John W. Marren, and there were no attendants. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the Belle Vue, after which Mr. and Mrs. Walsh left on their wedding trip, which will take them to Alexandria, where they will make their home.

The amusement park at Island Park, which was built many years ago by the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company as a place of entertainment to be run in connection with the trolley system, has been sold to a Newport syndicate consisting of James T. O'Connell, John K. McLennan, Albert Kerr and Edward P. Gosling. While no definite plans for the development of the property have been announced by the new owners, it is probable that the amusement features will be further extended.

The official drive for the Boy Scout campaign has come to a close, but the work will still continue for a time in an endeavor to still further increase the fund. Although the response to the appeal was generous, the total amount has not yet reached the figure that it was hoped to raise.

Mr. Charles M. Hughes, formerly of this city, has returned to the Pacific Coast after spending a vacation in Newport. He is now serving as mate on the line of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, running from San Francisco to China.

Monday was motion day in the Superior Court, with Judge Barrows presiding. A number of motions were heard, and several cases were assigned for trial at the December session of the Court.

The local Carpenters' Union has fixed the scale of wages at 90 cents an hour. The Master Carpenters are offering 80 cents for men to work in open shop.

The local Carpenters' Union has fixed the scale of wages at 90 cents an hour. The Master Carpenters are offering 80 cents for men to work in open shop.

DEPOSIT BOX OPENED

An echo from the confidence gang that occupied a summer cottage at Renfrew Park for several weeks last summer, during which they neared some out-of-town parties out of considerable sums of money and failed in at least one other attempt, was heard in this city on Monday, when the safety deposit box in the Aquidneck National Bank was opened by order of the Court. It had been hoped that the gang had considerable cash deposited therein as they had been known to have large sums in secret money. However, when the box was opened the total was found to be only \$1150.

By order of the Court this sum was turned over to Archibald Lushier of New York, who was one of the victims of the gang and who had secured a judgment against them for \$16,400. Lushier's appearance in the case last summer was most sensational, as he had recognized members of the gang on the street and had raised a hue and cry after them. Although the pursuit was close for a time, the confidence men got away and hastily left the city.

MASONIC SMOKER

There was a large gathering of members of the Masonic fraternity at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening when very pleasing smoke was given under the auspices of the Past Masters' Association of Newport County. Past Master Alexander J. MacIver, President of the Association, presided and introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. C. H. Curshaw of New Bedford. Mr. Curshaw proved to be a very fluent and eloquent speaker and held the closest attention of his audience.

As the gathering assembled the Kolash Grotto Band, under Bandmaster David M. Ballou, rendered a number of selections and also rendered a very pleasing program of martial music at the close of the address. Following the meeting in the Assembly Hall, refreshments were served on the floor above. Members of St. John's and St. Paul's Lodges of Newport and Eureka Lodge of Portsmouth, as well as many sojourning brethren, were present.

MRS. GEORGE S. SCOTT

Mrs. George S. Scott, who died at her winter home in New York on Monday, was well known in Newport, having been a summer resident here since 1893, when her husband built the handsome estate at Bellevue and Ruggles avenues known as "Belmead." Mrs. Scott had spent the past summer in Newport, but had been in poor health throughout the season.

Mrs. Scott leaves a daughter, Miss Louise B. Scott, and a son, Mr. Charles H. Scott. Her husband died some time ago, and another son, Mr. George I. Scott, who was prominent in social circles in Newport and New York, died about six years ago. Mrs. Philander Lathrop Cable, who before her marriage was Miss Mimi Scott, is a granddaughter.

Rev. Dr. Jeter left last Thursday for Boston and Springfield, Mass., to organize branches of the Humane and Reform Associations. He will meet a special committee of the interdenominational conference of the colored ministers in Providence on the 17th inst., to consider the organization of all the churches for special evangelistic work to reach the non-church goers. Dr. Jeter will then go to New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and then the large cities in the West, where thousands of the colored people have migrated from the South, and are not under the influence of the churches. The Mission is a very important one.

A careful and thorough inspection of the Fire Department was made by Mayor Mahoney and the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening. The men and apparatus were both put through a searching examination.

Marshal Foch will be unable to visit Newport during his brief stay in Rhode Island. He will be in Providence for a short time only.

The personnel at the Naval Training Station has been reduced to 100 men. This would seem to be about the limit.

The ships of the battleship fleet sailed early in the week and the harbor is now quite deserted.

Mrs. Augustus B. Davis of Kingston, formerly of Newport, is visiting friends in this city.

Miss Ethel Cozzens and Miss Isabel Taylor have returned from a trip to Boston.

REV. MR. FORSTER RESIGNS

Rev. Charles W. Forster has tendered his resignation as rector of Emmanuel Church, to take effect on December 27, and the vestry of the Church has voted with regret to accept the resignation. Rev. Mr. Forster has accepted a call to become rector of Christ Church, New Brighton, Staten Island, and as this offers a much larger field for work he finally decided to accept.

Mr. Forster was called to Emmanuel Church when advancing years and poor health had made it impossible for the late Rev. Emery H. Forster to continue longer in the active work of the rectoryship, and he was made rector emeritus after 27 years in the church.

Mr. Forster was installed as rector on October 7, 1917, and during his four years' stay in Newport he had made many friends here. He had identified himself with many active interests for the city's welfare and was an enthusiastic worker in the church. His departure will be regretted by a wide circle, both within and without the church.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening, because of the holiday on Friday. There was little business outside the regular routine, and the session was a comparatively short one.

The board went on record as opposing any sports on Armistice Day, which should be observed as a day of memorial.

A considerable amount of routine business was transacted, and a number of licenses granted. Chief Kirwin's request for transfer of appropriations was referred to the representative council.

Patrick Fogarty, an employee of the Highway department, dropped dead on Thames street near the foot of Mill street, early Thursday forenoon. He was hurried to the Hospital in the ambulance but life was found to be extinct. He was well along in years. He was a brother of Captain Edward Fogarty.

Street Commissioner John F. Sullivan, Chairman George W. Bacheller, Jr., of the committee of 25, and members of the sub-committee on streets and highways, have been in Boston to attend the sessions of the Massachusetts Highway Commission.

The annual business meeting of the Municipal Band was held in Mercury Hall on Wednesday evening, when A. Livingston Mason was re-elected president, Charles E. Bardsley first vice president, and C. Elmer Clarke, treasurer and manager.

Briefs have been submitted in the case of Herbert C. Lawton vs. the Newport Industrial Company, which had been appealed to the Supreme Court. No decision was announced by the Court.

The weekly Drill Corps dance on Friday evening was expected to present a number of novel features. Interest in these dances has been steadily increasing since the early fall.

Former Mayor Frederick P. Garrison, is at the Newport Hospital, where he submitted to an operation a few days ago.

Senator Max Levy was one of the speakers at the Armistice Day observance in Providence.

PORTSMOUTH

The fall meeting of the Newport County Protestant Episcopal Convocation was held recently at St. Paul's Church. A supper was served in the parish house and grace was asked by Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D. D., Bishop of Rhode Island. He later thanked the ladies, in behalf of the church, for their hospitality.

The business meeting opened at 7:00 o'clock, when reports were read, roll was called, etc. There was a large gathering. The meeting adjourned at 10:00 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet and family will remove their household goods from their home on Mill Lane, which is to be sold, to the farm of the late Joseph Anthony on the West Main Road. This is the home of Mrs. Sweet, Mr. Anthony having been her father. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Gatzemeier and family, who have resided there for the past three years, have moved to Newport and are residing on Peckham Avenue.

Mrs. George P. Miller, who was injured in an automobile-motorcycle accident last June in front of Manchester's store, is now able to sit up and take a few steps with the aid of a nurse and doctor recently. She is still at the Newport Hospital.

Little Miss Eloise Chase, who has been ill with scarlet fever, is now able to be out and the quarantine has been removed. Her mother, Mrs. Joseph D. Chase, is visiting relatives in Connecticut.

Miss Helen M. Coggeshall, who has been spending the past two months with her sister, Mrs. Henry Sisson, has returned to the home of her nephew, Mr. Alfred C. Hall on Bristol Ferry Road.

MIDDLETOWN

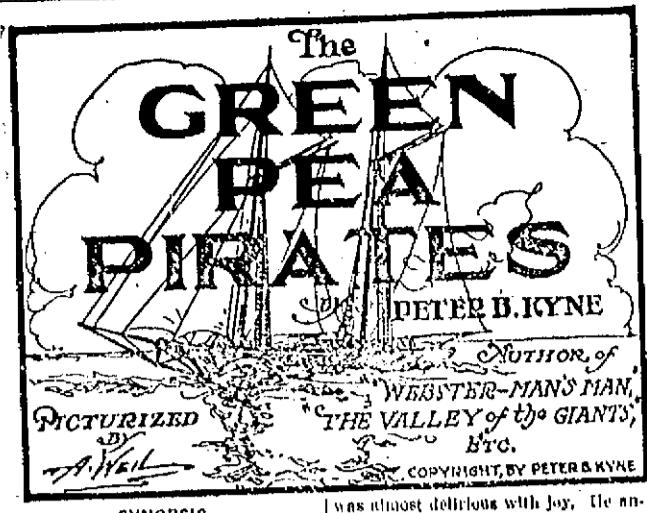
(From our regular correspondent)

Mrs. Laurence Peckham recently entertained the Pandemonium Club of Newport at her home on Paradise Avenue. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

Mrs. Arthur Barker has gone to Mount Kisco, N. Y., where she will spend a week.

Mrs. N. Horace Peckham of Portsmouth is spending a week at "Lazy Lawn," with Miss Fanny Arnold.

Forget-Me-Not Troop of Girl Scouts met on Tuesday afternoon at the Berkeley Parish House. Eighteen girls made their plans to march in the Armistice Day parade in New London.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I. — Captain Phineas P. Barnes has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer, risen to the ownership of the steamer *Maggie*. Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Barnes naturally has some difficulty in securing a crew. When he finally gets one, Adelbert P. Gibney, who is both erratic, a man whom nobody else would hire, is the skipper. Nella Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the foredeck hand, and Bart McGuffey, a waster of the old boy type, reigns in the engine room.

CHAPTER II. — With this motley crew and their ancient vessel, Captain Scrappy is engaged in freighting garden truck from Tidewater Bay to San Francisco. The inevitable happens, the *Maggie* goes ashore in a fog.

CHAPTER III. — A passing vessel, hailing the wreck, Mr. Gibney and his crew go ashore in the *Yankee Prince*, a promise of a rich salvage. Two men succeed in putting the *Maggie* into deep water, and she slips her tow lines and gets away the fog.

CHAPTER IV. — Back at the dangerous port of San Francisco, Gibney, commanding the two big boats, has to identify the identity of the "Yankee Prince," and fearing ridicule should the facts become known along the water front, determine on personal vengeance. Their hostile visit to the *Maggie* results in Captain Scrappy promising to burn his boats and make needed repairs to the steamer.

CHAPTER V. — Scrappy refuses to fulfill his promises and Gibney and McGuffey "strike." With marvelous luck Scrappy ships a fresh crew. At the end of a few days of wild conviviality, Gibney and McGuffey, alone, sail the ship to San Francisco, their salvage money amounting to \$100 apiece.

CHAPTER VI. — The derelict proven to be the Chesapeake, noble laden, its crew now written off scurvy. Scrappy attempts to cover her in, but the *Maggie* is brought to the task and Gibney and McGuffey, alone, sail the ship to San Francisco, their salvage money amounting to \$100 apiece.

CHAPTER VII. — Independently rich, our two friends still have a kindly feeling for the *Maggie*, and, after having donated him, Captain Scrappy induces them to return. At an "old horse" sale the three purchase two mysterious boxes which they believe to contain "Oriental goods." They find, instead, two dead Chinamen.

CHAPTER VIII. — Scrappy seeks to "double cross" his two associates, but Mr. Gibney outwits him and makes a satisfactory financial settlement with the Chinese company to whom the bodies have been consigned, leaving Scrappy out in the cold.

CHAPTER IX. — Gibney resents McGuffey's action in lending money to Scrappy without consulting him, and after a terrible sword combat the three separate on an oil tanker, Gibney disappearing, and Scrappy forced to lay in the gunpowder take a subordinate position on a ferry steamer. San Lorenzo, Mexican revolutionist, makes Scrappy a generous offer for transportation of munitions to lower California. Scrappy accepts, and the old *Maggie* is once more put into commission. Arriving at his destination, Scrappy finds his old companion, Mr. Gibney, in the consignment. Timid, sly, and somewhat amorous, this return is joyful. Gibney plans to steal the ammunition and convey it to the revolutionists in Colombia. On their way they are attacked by a Mexican gunboat, which they capture, though the *Maggie* is damaged so that it has to be destroyed. On the gunboat, to which they shift, they find their old friend McGuffey acting as engineer.

CHAPTER X. — Our three adventurers form a "syndicate" with the gunboat, which they have renamed the *Maggie II*, as their base of operations. They sail for the South Sea Islands, where they plan to obtain valuable black coral.

CHAPTER XI. — Going ashore with supplies friendly natives, Gibney and Scrappy are taken prisoners, to be held for a cannibal feast.

After breakfast Commodore Gibney ordered that the prisoners be brought before him. The cook served them with breakfast, and as they ate, the commodore reminded them that it was only through his personal efforts and his natural disinclination to return blow for blow that they were at that moment enjoying a square meal instead of swinging in the rigging.

"I'm goin' to give you two eggs a chance to reform," concluded Mr. Gibney, addressing Tabu-Tabu. "If you show us where we can get a cargo of black coral and work hard and faithfully helpin' us to get it aboard, it may help you to comb a few gray hairs. I'm goin' to take the irons off now, but remember! At the first sign of double-cross you're both shark meat."

On behalf of himself and the king, Tabu-Tabu promised to behave, and McGuffey kicked them both into the small boat. The mate and two seamen followed in another boat, in which the air-pump and diving apparatus was carried, and Tabu-Tabu piloted them to a patch of still water just inside the reef. The water was so clear that McGuffey was enabled to make out vast marine gardens thickly sprinkled with the precious black coral.

"Over you go, you two smokes," rasped McGuffey, menacing the captives with his rifle. "Dive deep my hearties, and bring up what you can find, and if a shark comes along and takes a nip out of your bird leg, don't expect no help from R. McGuffey, Esquire—because you won't see any."

For nearly two weeks the *Maggie II* lay at anchor, while her crew labored daily in the gardens of the deep. Vast quantities of pearl oysters were brought to the surface, and these Mr. Gibney stowed personally in a great big pot on the beach. The shell was cracked open in the hold and the pearls went into a chamois pouch which never for an instant was out of the commandant's possession. The cost at that point became very deserted, frequent visits being made, and the crew feasted on young pig, chicken, water and other delicacies. Captain Scrappy

position, be given an opportunity to take out their grudge on the persons of said savages. Now, I notice that the king is a hideous, skinny, scowled-off and hampered-down old coot. By all the rules of the prime ring he's in Scrappy's class!" (Here Mr. McGuffey flashed a lightning wink to the commodore, it was an appeal for Mr. Gibney's moral support in the engineer's scheme to put up a job on Captain Scrappy, and thus relieve the tedium of the homeward trip. Mr. Gibney instantly telegraphed his approbation, and McGuffey continued.) "I notice also that if I was to hurt the universe over, I couldn't find a better match for Gib than Tabu-Tabu. And as we are all agreed that the white race is superior to any race on earth, and it'll do us all good to see a fine mill before we leave the country, I move you, gentlemen of the syndicate, that we pull off a king fight between Scrappy and the king, and Gib and Tabu-Tabu. I'll referee both contests and at the conclusion of the mishap we'll leave those two murderers marooned on the island and then—"

"Wait," snapped Captain Scrappy. "That ain't no business at all. You shouldn't consider nothin' short of capital punishment. Why, that's only a pretty lousy form of—"

"Quit talkin' in on my prerogatives," roared McGuffey. "That isn't the fin' by no means."

"What is the finch, then?"

"Why, these two cannibals, hein' left alone on the desert island, naturally bumps up agin the old question of the survival of the fittest. They get scrapin' among themselves, and one eats the other up."

"By the toe-nails of Moses," muttered Mr. Gibney in genuine admiration, "but you have got an imagination after all, Mac. The point is well taken and the program will go through as outlined. Scrappy, you'll fight the king. No buckin' and grublin'. You'll fight the king. You're invited two to one, the thing's been done regular, and you can't kick. I'll fight Tabu-Tabu, so you see you're not gettin' any the worst of it. Well proceed to an island in the Friendly group called Tuvana-thola. It lies right in our homeward course, and there ain't enough grub on the confounded island to last two men a week. And I know there ain't no water there. So, now that that matter is all settled, we will proceed to heave the anchor and seat for home, Mac, turn up your engines and we'll get out of here heesopin' and a-dyin'!"

It was an eight-hundred-mile run up to Tuvana-thola, but the weather held good and the trade-winds never slackened. Ten days from the date of leaving Kaudava they hove to off the island. It was a long, low, sandy atoll, with a few coconut palms growing in the center of it, and with the exception of a vast colony of seabirds that apparently made it their headquarters, the island was devoid of life.

The bloodthirsty McGuffey stood at the break of the poop, and as he gazed shoreward he chuckled and rubbed his hands together.

"Great, great!" he murmured. "I couldn't have gotten a better island if I'd had one built to order!" He called all to the navigating officer: "Scrappy, there's the ring. Nothin' else to do now but get the contestants into it. Along in the late afternoon, when the heat of the day is over, we'll go ashore and pull off the fight. And, by George, Scrappy, if that old king succeeds in lambastin' you, I'll set the rascal free."

Seeing that there was no escape, Captain Scrappy decided to bluff the master through. "Let's go ashore and have it over with," he said carelessly. "I'm a man of peace, but when there's fightin' to be done, I say go to it and no tomfoolery."

"Clear away the big whaleboat with two men to pull us ashore," said Mr. Gibney to the mate. Five minutes later the members of the syndicate, accompanied by the captives, climbed into the whaleboat and shoved off, leaving the *Maggie II* in charge of the mate. "We'll be back in half an hour," called the commander, as they rowed away from the schooner. "Just ratch back and forth and keep heavin' the lead."

They neared the fringe of breakers to the north of the island successfully, pulled the boat up on the beach, and at the sound of the mate's voice, he returned with a keg he was expected of him, and Tabu-Tabu in turn explained to the king. It was not the habit of white men, so Mr. Gibney explained, to kill their prisoners in cold blood, and he had decided to give them an opportunity to fight their way out of a sea predicament with their naked fists. If they won, they would be taken back aboard the schooner and later dropped at some inhabited island. If they lost, they must make their home for the future on Tuvana-thola.

"Let 'er go," called McGuffey, and Mr. Gibney squared off and made a heave-to pass at Tabu-Tabu. To the amazement of all present Tabu-Tabu sprang lightly backward and avoided the blow. His footwork was excellent and McGuffey remarked as much to Captain Scrappy. But when Tabu-Tabu put up his hands after the most approved method of self-defense and dropped into a "crouch," McGuffey could no longer contain himself.

"The bigger you fight, the bigger you can fight," he croaked, wild with joy. "Scrappy, old man, this'll be a rare will. I promise you. He's been aboard a British man-o'-war and learned how to box. Shady, Gib. Upper-cut him, upper-cut him."

Tabu-Tabu had stepped in and placed a mighty right in the center of Mr. Gibney's physiology, following it up with a hard left to the commander's ear. Mr. Gibney roared a moment or his sturdy legs stepped back out of range, dragged both hands, and started on Tabu-Tabu.

"Gib, gib, the rickey lick you," cried McGuffey anxiously. "He's got a terrible reach and a mole kick. Lord, Gib, old man, Cross with him, or he's goin' to cut you in two."

"I make a motion," said the commander,

needed to do. He rushed his opponent and clutched, though not until his right eye was in mourning and a stiff jolt in the short ribs had caused him to grunt in most ferocious fashion. But few men could withstand Mr. Gibney once he got to close quarters. Tabu-Tabu wrapped his long arms around the commodore and unheavened to smother his blows, but Mr. Gibney would not be denied. His great fist shot upward from the hip and connected with the captain's chin. Tabu-Tabu relaxed his hold, Mr. Gibney followed with left and right to the head in quick succession, and McGuffey was counting the fatal ten over the fallen warrior.

Mr. Gibney grunted rather foolishly, spat, and spoke to McGuffey, sotto voce: "By George, the joke ain't all on Scrappy," he said. Then turning to Captain Scrappy: "Help yourself to the mustard, Scrappy; old turpot."

Captain Scrappy took off his hat, rolled up his sleeves, and made a dive for the royal presence. His majesty,

it was a forlorn hope, and the jest went over the heads of the deck department. Said Mr. Gibney sadly:

"There ain't no more Maggie II syndicate."

CHAPTER XIII.

Nella Halvorsen often wondered what had become of the Maggie and Captain Scrappy. Mr. Gibney and Bart Halvorsen McGuffey he knew had turned their sun-tanned faces toward deep water some years before Captain Scrappy and the Maggie disappeared from the environs of San Francisco bay, and Nella Halvorsen was wise enough to waste no time wondering what had become of them. These two worthies might be anywhere, and every conceivable thing under the sun might have happened to them; hence, in his idle moments, Nella Halvorsen did not disturb his gay, noetic speculations on their whereabouts and their final condition of servitude.

But the continued absence of Captain Scrappy from his old haunts created quite little gossip along the waterfront, and in the course of time rumors of his demise by sundry and dubious routes came to the ears of Nella Halvorsen.

Hence "The Squarthead" was puzzled. In fact, to such an extent was Nella puzzled, that one perfectly calm, clear night, while boating down San Pablo bay in his skow, the Willa and Annie, he so far forgot himself and his own affairs as to concentrate all his attention on the problem of the ultimate fates of Captain Scrappy. So engrossed was Nella in this vain speculation that he neglected to observe toward the rates of the ocean highways that nicely of attention which is highly requisite, even in the skipper of a bay skow; if the fatesome title of captain is to be retained for any doubtful period. As a result, Nella became confused regarding the exact number of blasts from the siren of a river steamer destined to pass him to port. Consequently the Willa and Annie received such a severe biffle from a river steamer in question as to cause her to career and fill. Being, unfortunately, loaded, with gravel on this particular trip, she subsided immediately to the bottom of San Pablo bay, while Nella and his crew of two men sought refuge on a plank.

Without attempting to go further into the details of the misfortunes of Nella Halvorsen, be it known that the destruction of the Willa and Annie proved to be such a severe shock to Nella's reputation as a safe and save bay skow skipper that he was ultimately forced to seek other and more virgin fields. With the fragments of his meager fortune, the ambitious Swede purchased a course in a local nautical school from which he duly managed to emerge with sufficient courage to appear before the United States local Inspectors of hulls and boilers and take his examination for a second mate's certificate. To his utter surprise the license was granted; whereupon he shipped as quartermaster on the steamer Alameda, running to Honolulu, and with the lesson taught him in the loss of the Willa and Annie and the exacting duties of his office aboard the liner, he forgot that he had ever known Captain Scrappy.

Judge of Nella Halvorsen's surprise, therefore, upon the occasion of his first trip to Honolulu, when he saw something which brought the whole matter back to mind. They were standing in toward Diamond head and the Alameda lay hove to taking on the pilot. It was early morning and the purple mists hung over the entrance to the harbor. Nella Halvorsen stood at the gangway enjoying the sunrise over the Punch-bowl, and gazing longingly toward the vivid green of the hills beyond the city, when he was aware of a "put," "put," "put," to starboard of the Alameda. Nella turned at the sound just in time to realize what had happened.

"I don't want to beat an old man to death," he gasped dully. "I'll let the scoundrel go. He's had enough and he won't fight. Let's mosey along back to the schooner and leave them here to amuse themselves the best way they know how."

"Right-O," said Mr. Gibney, and turned to walk down the beach to the boat. A second later a hoarse scream of rage and terror broke from his lips.

"What's up?" cried McGuffey, the laughter dying out of his voice, for there was a hint of death in Mr. Gibney's cry.

"Marooned!" said the commodore hoarsely. "Those two sailors have pulled back to the schooner, and—there—look, Mac! My Gawd!"

McGuffey looked, and his face went whiter than the foaming breakers beyond which he could see Maggie II, under full sail, headed for the open sea. The small boat had been picked up, and there was no doubt that at her present rate of speed the schooner would be half down on the horizon by sunset.

"The murderer's bound," whispered McGuffey, and sagged down on the sand. "Oh, the murderer's bound of a mate!"

"It's—it's mutiny," gulped Captain Scrappy in a hard, strained voice. "That bloody fiend of a mate! The sly sneak-thief, with his pleasant smile and his wimmin' ways! Saw a chance to steal the Maggie and her rich cargo, and he is leavin' us here, marooned on a desert island, with two cannibals."

Captain Scrappy fairly shrieked the last two words and burst into tears. "Lord, Gib, old man," he raved, "what-ever will we do?"

Thus appealed to, the doughty commander permitted his two unwatched optics to rest mournfully upon his shipmates.

He gulped and thoughtfully rubbed the knuckles of his right hand where the skin was barked off. He thought of the silly joke he and McGuffey had thought to perpetrate on Captain Scrappy. But when Tabu-Tabu put up his hands after the most approved method of self-defense and dropped into a "crouch," McGuffey could no longer contain himself.

"The bigger you fight, the bigger you can fight," he croaked, wild with joy. "Scrappy, old man, this'll be a rare will. I promise you. He's been aboard a British man-o'-war and learned how to box. Shady, Gib. Upper-cut him, upper-cut him."

Tabu-Tabu had stepped in and placed a mighty right in the center of Mr. Gibney's physiology, following it up with a hard left to the commander's ear. Mr. Gibney roared a moment or his sturdy legs stepped back out of range, dragged both hands, and started on Tabu-Tabu.

"Gib, gib, the rickey lick you," cried McGuffey anxiously. "He's got a terrible reach and a mole kick. Lord, Gib, old man, Cross with him, or he's goin' to cut you in two."

"I make a motion," said the commander,

see a beautiful gasoline schooner of about a hundred and thirty tons heading in toward the bay. She was so close that Nella was enabled to make out that her name was Maggie II.

"Well, ayé ayé dam," muttered Nella, and scratched his head, for the name recalled old memories. An hour later, when the Alameda loafed into her berth at Brewer's dock, Nella noticed that the schooner lay at anchor off the quarantine station.

That night Nella Halvorsen went ashore for those forms of enjoyment peculiar to his calling, and in the Pantheon saloon, whether the pathway led him, he filled himself with beer and gossip. It was here that Nella came across an item in an afternoon paper which charged the instant attention. It was just a squib in the shipping news, but Nella Halvorsen read it with amazement and joy.

"The power schooner Maggie II arrived this morning, ten days from the Friendly Islands. The little schooner came into port with her hold bursting with the most valuable cargo that has entered Honolulu in many years. It consists for the most part of black coral."

"The Maggie II is commanded by Captain Phineas Forges, and after taking provisions and water today, will proceed to San Francisco, tomorrow, for discharge of cargo."

"By jinkins," quoth Nella Halvorsen, "aye, but you that have done in me so sure as you have alive. And aye, but new hit he shall be glad to see Nella Halvorsen. I guess aye like Kameha boy an' he have pull me out to see ole man."

A Jacob's ladder was hanging over the side of the schooner as the census shot in under her lee quarter, and half a minute later the expectant Nella stepped upon her deck. A tall dark man, wearing an ancient padded jacket, sat smoking on the hatch coaming, and him, Nella Halvorsen addressed.

"Aye bano want to see Cap'n Scrappy," he said.

The tall dark man stood erect and cast a quick, questioning look at Nella Halvorsen. He hesitated before he made answer,

"What do you want?" he asked dolefully, and there was a subtle menace in his tones. As for Nella Halvorsen, thinking only of the surprise he had in store for his old employer, he replied evasively:

"Aye bano want to job."

"Well, I'm Captain Scrappy, and I haven't any job for you. Get off my boat and walk until you're invited before you come aboard again."

For nearly a minute Nella Halvorsen stared open-mouthed at the sprightly Captain Scrappy, while slowly there sifted through his brain the notion that he had happened across the track of a deep and

Newport & Providence
Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence
WEEK DAYS—\$0.50, 7:40, 8:54 A.M., then each hour to 8:50 P.M.
SUNDAYS—7:50 A.M., then each hour to 9:50 P.M.

THE GREEN PEA PIRATES

Continued from Page 2
He rushed on deck, carried his prisoner down into the cabin, and locked



Carried His Prisoner Down into the Cabin.

the door on him. A minute later he was clinging to the Jacob's ladder, the enemys shot in to the side of the vessel at his grim command and passed on shoreward without missing a stroke of the paddle. An hour later, accompanied by three Kanakas sailors picked up at random along the water front, Nells Halvorsen was pulled out to the Maggle II. Her crew had not returned and the bogus captain was still tried hard and fast in the cabin.

The Swede did not bother to investigate in detail the food and water supply. A hasty round of the schooner convinced him that she had at least a month's supply of food and water. Only one thought surged through his mind, and that was the awful necessity for haste. The anchor came in with a rush, the Kanakas hoys chanting a song that sounded to Nells like a funeral dirge, and Nells went below and turned the gasoline engines wide open. The Maggle II swung around and with a long streak of opalescent foam trailing behind her swung down the bay and faded at last in the ghostly moonlight beyond Diamond head; after which Nells Halvorsen, with murder in his eye and a buried rope's end in his horny fist, went down into the cabin and talked to the man who posed as Captain Scrags. In the end he got a confession. Fifteen minutes later he emerged, smiling grimly, gave the Kanak boy at the wheel the course, and turned in to sleep the sleep of the conscience-free and the weary.

Darkness was creeping over the beach at Tuvana-tholo before Mr. Gibney could smother the despair in his heart sufficient to spur his faded imagination to working order. For nearly an hour the three castaways had sat on the bench in dumb horror, gazing seaward. They were not alone in this, for a little further up the beach the two Fiji Islanders sat huddled on their launches, gazing stupidly first at the horizon and then at their white captors. It was the sight of these two worthies that spurred Mr. Gibney's torpid brain to action.

"Didn't you say, Mac, that when we left these two cannibals alone on this island that it would develop into a case of dog eat dog or somethin' of that nature?"

Captain Scrags sprang to his feet, his face white with a new terror. However, he had endured so much since embarking with Mr. Gibney on a life of wild adventure that his nerves had become rather inured to impending death, and presently his fear gave way to an overwhelming rage. He hurled his hat on the sand and jumped on it until it was a mere shapeless rag.

"Let's call a meetin' of the Robinson Crusoe syndicate," said Mr. Gibney.

"Second the motion," rumbled McGuffey.

"Carried," said the commodore. "The first business before the meetin' is the organization of a expedition to chase these two cannibals to the other end of the island. I ain't got the heart to kill 'em, so let's chase 'em away before they get fresh with us."

"Good idea," responded McGuffey, whereupon he picked up a rock and threw it at the king. Mr. Gibney followed with two rocks. Captain Scrags screened defiance at the enemy, and the enemy fled in wild disorder, pursued by the syndicate. After a chase of half a mile Mr. Gibney led his cohorts back to the beach.

"Let's build a fire—not that we need it, but just for company—and sleep till mornin'. By that time my imagination'll be in workin' order and

I'll siphone a breakfast out of this Godforsaken hole!"

At the first hint of dawn Mr. Gibney, true to his promise, was up and scurrying for breakfast. He found some gooney on a rocky crag and killed half a dozen of them with a club. On his way back to camp he discovered a few handfuls of sea salt in a crevice between some rocks, and the syndicate breakfasted an hour later on roast gooney. It was oily and fishy but an excellent substitute for nothing at all, and the syndicate was grateful. The breakfast would have been cheerful, in fact, if Captain Scrags had not made repeated reference to his excessive thirst. McGuffey lost patience before the meal was over, and cutted Captain Scrags, who thereupon subsided with tears in his eyes. This hurt McGuffey. It was like salt in a fresh wound, so he patted the skipper on the back and humbly asked his pardon. Captain Scrags forgave him and murmured something about death making them all equal.

"The next business before the syndicate," announced Mr. Gibney, "is a search of this island for water."

They searched all forenoon. At intervals they caught glimpses of the two cannibals skulking behind sandunes, but they found no water. Toward the center of the island, however, the soil was less barren, and here a grove of coconut palms lifted their lusted crests invitingly.

"We will camp in this grove," said the commodore, "and keep guard over these green coconuts. There must be nearly a hundred of them and I notice a little taro root here and there. As those coconuts are full of milk, that insures us life for a week or two if we go on a short ration. By bathin' several times a day we can keep down our thirst some and perhaps it'll rain."

"What if it does?" snapped Captain Scrags bitterly. "We ain't got nothing but our bats to catch it in."

"Well, then, Scrags, old stick-in-the-mud," replied the commodore quizzically, "it's a cinch you'll go thirsty. Your hat looks like a cumber."

Captain Scrags choked with rage, and Mr. Gibney, springing at the nearest palm, climbed to the top of it in the most approved sailor fashion. A moment later, instead of coconuts, rich unctuous curses began to descend on McGuffey and Scrags.

"Gib, my dear boy," inquired Scrags, "whatever is the matter of you?"

"That hound Tabu-Tabu's been stripin' our coconut grove," roared the commodore. "He must have spent half the night up in these trees."

"Thank the Lord they didn't take 'em all," said McGuffey plausibly. "Chuck me down a nut, Gib," said Captain Scrags. "I'm famished."

In conformity with the commodore's plans, the castaways made camp in the grove. For a week they subsisted on gooney, taro root, coconuts and coconut milk, and a sea-turtle which Scrags found wandering on the beach. This suggested turtle eggs to Mr. Gibney, and a change of diet resulted. Nevertheless, the unaccustomed food, poorly cooked as it was, and the lack of water, told cruelly on them, and their strength failed rapidly.

At the end of a week, all hands were troubled with indigestion and McGuffey developed a low fever. They had lost much flesh and were a white, haggard-looking trio. On the afternoon of the tenth day on the island the sky clouded up and Mr. McGuffey predicted a williwaw. Captain Scrags inquired feebly if it was good to eat.

That night it rained, and to the great joy of the marooned mariners Mr. Gibney discovered, in the center of a big sandstone rock, a natural reservoir that held about ten gallons of water. They drank to repletion and felt their strength return a thousand-fold. Tabu-Tabu and the king came into camp about this time, and pleaded for a ration of water. Mr. Gibney, swearing horribly at them, granted their request, and the king, in his gratitude, threw himself at the commodore's feet and kissed them. But Mr. Gibney was not to be deceived, and after furnishing them with a supply of water in coconut calabashes, he ordered them to their own side of the island.

On the eighteenth day the last drop of water was gone, and on the twenty-second day the last of the coconuts disappeared. The prospects of more rain were not bright. The gooneys were becoming shy and distrustful and the syndicate was experiencing more and more difficulty, not only in killing them, but in eating them. McGuffey, who had borne up uncomplainingly, was shaking with fever and hardly able to stagger down the beach to look for turtle eggs. The syndicate was sick, weak and emaciated almost beyond recognition, and on the twenty-fifth day Captain Scrags saluted twice. On the twenty-sixth day McGuffey crawled into the shadow of a stunted mimosa bush and started to sleep.

"Gib, my dear boy," he said, "make a motion."

"I move," said the commodore, "that we set Tabu-Tabu and the king down on the first inhabited island we can find. They've suffered enough. And I further move that we readjust the ownership of the Maggle II syndicate and cut the heat Swede on earth in on a quarter of the profits."

"Second the motion," said McGuffey. "Carried," said Captain Scrags.



It Was the Finish. The Commodore Knew It.

Mr. Gibney twisted his suffering lips into a wry smile as he realized the oddities of this misfortune—it seemed to him that this visionary white man bore a striking resemblance to Nells Halvorsen. Nells Halvorsen, of all men! Old Nells, the squarehead! deckhand of the green-pen trade! Dull, bowlegged Nells, with his lost dog smile and his—

Mr. Gibney rubbed his eyes feebly and half staggered to his feet. What was that? A shout? Without doubt he had heard a sound that was not the moaning of their remorseless prisoner, the son. And—

"Hands off," shrieked Mr. Gibney and struck feebly at the imaginary figure rushing toward him. No use. He felt himself swept into strong arms and carried an immensurable distance down the beach. Then somebody threw water in his face and pressed a drink of brandy and sweet water to his parched lips. His swimming senses rallied a moment, and he discovered that he was lying in the bottom of a whaleboat. McGuffey lay beside him, and on a thwart in front of him sat good old Nells Halvorsen with Captain Scrags' head on his knees. As Mr. Gibney looked at this strange tableau Captain Scrags opened his eyes, glanced up at Nells Halvorsen, and spoke:

"Why if I ain't old squarehead Nells," he muttered wonderingly. "If it ain't Nells, I'll go to hades or some other seaport." He closed his eyes again and subsided into a sort of lethargy, for he was content. He knew he was saved.

Mr. Gibney rolled over, and, struggling to his knees, leaned over McGuffey and peered into his drawn face. "Mac, old shipmate! Mac, speak to me. Are you alive?"

McGuffey, Esquire, opened a pair of glazed eyes and stared at the comrade.

"Did we hit 'em?" he whispered. "The last I remember the king was puttin' it all over Scrags. And that Tabu boy—was—no slouch." McGuffey paused and glanced warily around the boat, while a dawning horror appeared in his sunken eyes. "Go back, Nells—go back—for God's sake. There's two niggers still on the island. Bring 'em—some—water. They're cannibals—Nells, but nevermind. Get Orient—aboard—the poor devils—if they're living. I—wouldn't leave a—crocodile on that—hell hole, if I could—help it."

An hour later the Robinson Crusoe syndicate, including the man Friday and the Gont, were safe aboard the Maggle II, and Nells Halvorsen, with the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks, was sparingly doling out to them a mixture of brandy and water. And when the syndicate was strong enough to be allowed all the water it wanted, Nells Halvorsen propped them up on deck and told the story. When he had finished, Captain Scrags turned to Mr. Gibney.

"Gib, my dear boy," he said, "make a motion."

"I move," said the commodore, "that we set Tabu-Tabu and the king down on the first inhabited island we can find. They've suffered enough. And I further move that we readjust the ownership of the Maggle II syndicate and cut the heat Swede on earth in on a quarter of the profits."

"Second the motion," said McGuffey.

"Carried," said Captain Scrags.

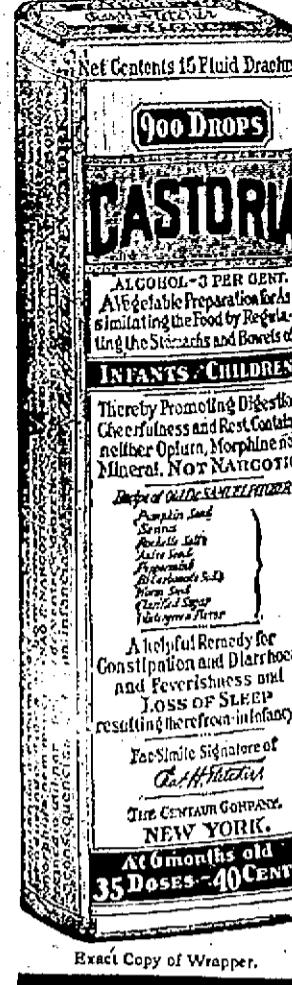
(To be continued)

Short Night in Scotch Highlands.

In the early July days the Highlands may truly be called a land where there is no night, writes a correspondent of the London Daily Mail from Elgin, Scotland, for sunset and sunrise are really one and the same. Officially the sun appears for about six hours, but the track of its passage from northwest to northeast is marked by a crimson glow above the horizon which serves to link the long summer days together in an unbroken chain.

Fumes From Home Brew Made Neighbors Drunk

Home brewing has become such a passion with Thomas Higgins of Brooklyn, N. Y., that his neighbors informed Magistrate Lloia they were becoming drunk from the fumes ascending from his kitchen. His wife complains that Higgins himself became intoxicated. Before Magistrate Lloia let Higgins go, he made him promise not to brew for a year or to taste another's product.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Chat H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Special Bargains

Special Winter Wootens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic factories at per cent. less than our regular price. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,
184 Thames Street
NEWPORT, R. I.

COLONEL DIES HERO

Nazim Bey Gives Life to Save Force of Ismet Pasha.

Commander-in-Chief Declares That In all Military Experience He Knows of No Finer Deed of Heroism.

Headquarters Turkish Nationalist Army.—Col. Nazim Bey, with his Fourth division, lost his life and saved the main body of Gen. Ismet Pasha's forces from being taken in the rear and possibly routed during the frontal attack made with superior forces and equipment by the Greeks in the Kutahia zone.

In recognition of his services, Gen. Ismet Pasha published a note to the army stating that in his entire military career, including also his knowledge of military history, he knew of no finer example of heroism and intelligent valor. He also paid high tribute to the remnants of Col. Nazim's division remaining after standing for two days against three Greek divisions, any one of which was stated to be superior in numbers to that of Nazim.

The Greeks had planned, in addition to the frontal attack on Kutahia, a surprise raid on the Turk rear with three flying divisions, and the surprise appears to have been complete.

So soon as their presence in force was discovered Nazim Bey was detached from the main army to stop them, or halt their progress until the retreat from Kutahia could be effected. He did so, and during these forty-eight hours of constant fighting and retreating, he was wounded by a rifle bullet, but kept on his horse until struck by a second bullet, toward the end of the fight.

He died, but with the knowledge that he had saved the main body of the army. "Kismet" ("Is fate") were his last words.

Col. Nazim Bey was a short, thin man of 45 years, quiet and genial, mainly in his deportment, speaking but rarely, with a large head and thoughtful, melancholy grey eyes. A soldier by profession, he served during the World war on several of the fronts, but mostly on the Russian. He would have borne the title of general as division commander under the old imperial army, but the nationalists have suppressed that title except for officers commanding more than an army corps.

HUGE SKELETON UNEARTHED

Indiana Produces Bones of Man Believed to Have Been Mound Builder.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The complete skeleton of one of Indiana's oldest inhabitants, said by Dr. W. N. Logan, state geologist, to be that of a mound builder, has been placed in the state museum.

The skeleton, more than six feet in height, was found by T. C. Helstien of Bloomington and Dick Guernsey of Bedford, in excavating a prehistoric mound near the east fork of White river, in Lawrence county. Doctor Logan says the time when the mound-builders inhabited Indiana cannot be determined as to years, but that it was a long period before the first record of the Indians is certain.

The mound from which the body was taken was in the form of a square with a vault system constructed of slabs of limestone. The skeleton was lying as buried, with all parts intact, and in position, with the exception of some of the more fragile parts.

GOES TO HUNT GOAT BEAR

Los Angeles Collector of Wild Animals Sails for Indo-China on Unusual Quest.

San Francisco.—D. H. Rabb, Los Angeles, collector of rare wild animals, has sailed from San Francisco this week for Cambodia, Indo-China, where he will penetrate the jungles in search of the goat bear.

The goat bear, according to Rabb, has seldom been seen by white men and has never been captured alive, although he says he saw the skin of one of the animals on his last visit. Whether the animal is a bear with the horns of a goat or a goat with the claws of a bear, Rabb is not sure.

To add to the difficulty of obtaining this rare beast the natives refuse to aid in its capture on account of a superstition that one who sees it is bewitched, says Rabb.

New Profession Appears.

San Francisco, Cal.—An expert "enologist" advertised his services for the benefit of families who want to manufacture nonintoxicating wines. An "enologist" is defined as a person thoroughly experienced in the making of wine.

Torrens Registration System. This is a system of registration of titles to real estate introduced by Sir Robert Torrens in Australia, and bears his name. This system of official examination and registration of titles has been adopted in Australia, England, New Zealand, British Columbia and parts of Canada. In a modified form it is used in several states of the Union, in Hawaii and in the Philippines.

FROM a silver-spoon and soft-mattress existence, Stanford Broughton suddenly is confronted with the alternative of looking for a job or, another kind of quest, try and locate a mysterious legacy left him by an eccentric grandfather.

He does not know the character of the property, but the grandfather's directions say that it is somewhere between the 105th and 110th degrees of longitude west from Greenwich, and the 35th and 40th degrees north latitude. When he finds it he will be able to identify it by the presence of a girl with brown hair and blue eyes, a small mole on her left shoulder, a piebald horse and a dog with a split face—half black and half white. He is game and he starts to look for the combination. The troubles he has in locating it and the adventures and dangers through which he passes in securing possession of the property, also the romantic incidents in which the girl is a figure, make up this very fascinating narrative.

It is Mr. Lynde's habit to tell stories like this, and there are readers in multitudes who would be sorry to have him depart from the custom.

READ IT AS A SERIAL IN THESE COLUMNS

Times for Gratitudo.

There is much greatness of mind in the owing of a good turn as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a regard out

Established 1849

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 134
House Telephone 1014

Saturday, November 12, 1921

Apples are selling in the eastern markets at the same price as oranges. "You pays your money, and takes your choice."

Boston has already seven candidates for Mayor and more are coming. This is an off year. Election takes place December 8th.

Boston had the first snow storm of the season on Wednesday. Northern New Hampshire had over six inches of snow on the same day.

The total foreign born population in the United States on January 1, 1920, was 13,920,692, of which number 176,189 were in Rhode Island.

Election in Kentucky this year was, as usual, a murderous affair. Ten men were killed and many more seriously injured in the usual election riots.

Uncle Sam's Victory Bonds are now selling above par. A year ago they were selling below 90. It looks as though our Uncle's financial standing is getting back where it should be.

The Rhode Island Hospital of Providence has run behind in the past year \$54,000, and in the past three years the deficit is over \$100,000. It takes money to maintain hospitals in these times.

The Mayor of Pawtucket has appealed to all the mayors of the State and to the Federal authorities to co-operate in the strict enforcing of the Prohibition law throughout the State, and particularly in Pawtucket. The Mayor declares, what everybody knows to be a fact, that the enforcement of this law is very lax.

The corn crop in the United States this year is estimated at 3,151,598,000 bushels, which is the largest on record. Corn is cheaper than coal in the West and the Secretary of Agriculture suggests that the farmers use it for fuel, instead of coal. The people in the East have not yet discovered the cheapness of either corn or coal.

The Post Office department is at last waking up to the necessity of looking after its mail matter. An armed guard of Marines has been put upon all mail trains out of New York and Boston and other large cities. This is to be followed by an especially trained guard, heavily armed, on all mail trains everywhere. And the orders are to "shoot to kill."

The citizens of North Attleboro on Monday voted to change their form of government to the Town Manager plan. This method of town or city government is fast growing in popularity. It will be well for the City of Newport to do away with this cumbersome representative council, an irresponsible body of one hundred and ninety-five, and adopt the Town Manager plan, which carries with it more of the air of business economy.

People do some strange things on Election days. In Buffalo, the second city of New York, the people, on Tuesday, elected for mayor a brewer who was under repeated indictments for violation of law. He was elected on a "wet" platform, and declared before election that there should be no law enforcement during his term of office by the police or other officers of the city. In Youngstown, Ohio, they elected a man for mayor who had only been in the city for three months. His platform was the doing away with all street cars, and turning the transportation of the city over to jitneys; for jailing any citizen who paid taxes under the recent valuation of the city, and for permitting spooning in the public park.

Under the new tax law, which has just passed the United States Senate, and which will doubtless become a law at no far distant time, with some amendments, the small income taxpayer is relieved of some of his burden. The exemption under the law for married persons is increased from \$2000 to \$2500, and for each child under 18 years of age from \$200 to \$400. The exemption for a single man remains at \$1000, the same as in the present law. A single man with a salary of \$3000 a year under the new law will deduct \$1000 exemption and pay on the remaining \$2000 a tax of 4 per cent., or \$80. The head of a family at the same income, without children or other dependents, would pay 4 per cent. on \$500, or \$20; if he had one child, he would have to pay on only \$100, the small sum of \$4. A single person with an income of \$5000 a year will pay 4 per cent. on \$4000, or \$160. The head of a family, without dependents, having the same income, would pay only \$100, but if he had two chil-

DISARMAMENT PROPOSALS

The people have been glad to learn that the United States delegates to the disarmament conference will open up things at the start with some definite proposals for cutting down the load of naval construction. This looks like business. Unless some one presents some clear cut proposition, backed by authoritative information about naval resources of the various nations, the whole meeting might blow up with nothing doing.

"It would seem a fair proposition if all the leading powers would agree to stop construction of practically all war vessels at this moment for a period of say five or ten years. If you could get them to do that, the chances are that they would never begin again.

The United States would have a favorable position if such action were taken. Germany, the power it formerly dreaded the most, is wiped out as a naval power. Our fleet would still be far superior to Japan's. Not many people ever have believed that Great Britain would wish or would dare to attack the United States.

If the United States keeps on augmenting its fleet, other powers will keep pace, and the whole world will rush toward bankruptcy. The United States might secure itself against the possibility of attack by doubling or tripling its fleet, but by so doing it would expose itself to other evils equally great and far more imminent. War is a terrible evil, but universal bankruptcy and revolution would be worse, and there will be a danger of such an upheaval if the world keeps on its present mad race for armed supremacy.

As the strongest power in the world, the United States is the least likely to be attacked. It can afford to be generous in making agreements with other powers. It must recognize that its recent course in greatly augmenting its naval forces, has aroused suspicion. Other peoples want to know whom our government is getting ready to fight.

WORKING FOR THE LARGER COMMUNITY

A get-together meeting of commercial and agricultural associations of the Fox River Valley, Wisconsin, has been held to work out a plan to advertise the Valley nationally.

They propose to bury the individuality of the several cities in the district, and emphasize the valley as a whole. This idea is gaining ground.

People sometimes get tired of so much boasting of individual towns,

but they get interested when they are told about the resources and possibilities of a district.

Our communities need to realize better that what promotes the development of their section helps every town and city in that section. Rival cities can get about so far by pulling and hauling to get business away from each other. But to make a big advance they must lift their county or their district up to a higher level of production and prosperity, which will automatically reflect itself in the advance of every community contained therein.

The voting strength of the United States is put at nearly 55,000,000. There are 27,661,850 men of voting age and 26,750,952 women. In the last Presidential election only 26,637,869 persons availed themselves of the right of franchise, less than 50 per cent. of the total. The smallest vote is cast in the Southern States, where the negroes are nearly all disfranchised, and only one political party is allowed to exist. The total vote in many of these States, particularly in South Carolina and Mississippi, is only about 2 per cent. of the total voting population. It is time that this universal disfranchisement of a large portion of the population was dealt with in a drastic manner.

In the elections held on Tuesday two States, Maryland and Kentucky, went back into the Democratic column. Democratic gains were made in the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey. In New York City Mayor Hylan, the Tammany candidate, was re-elected Mayor by the enormous majority of over 400,000. And yet, President Harding carried the city a year ago. In Rhode Island, to fill vacancies in the General Assembly, in Providence, Westerly and North Smithfield, the Republicans were chosen.

The National income of Uncle Sam is put at \$61,000,000,000, which is about double that of 1913. However, does anyone feel any richer now than he did then? Our Uncle Samuel may have more income, but his outgoes far surpass the increase in income. The expenses of the U. S. Government, the State and the City, are climbing all the time with accelerated rapidity. Let us hope that the top may be reached some time in the not-too-far-off future.

A report says that the five cent loaf of bread is soon again to be a reality. Wheat has fallen to below one dollar a bushel, the lowest figure in ten years, and flour, in Chicago, is selling at less than seven dollars a barrel. So it would seem that the price of bread must come down soon.

The Winner.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Nov. 12, 1921.

The week centering on Nov. 14 is expected to bring on one of the well-known severe November storms with its varied extremes, including a hot wave, a "norther," as it is called by the Texans, high winds, together with all those weather features that sometimes break into and smash the beautiful Indian Summer of the great central valleys. Those "great central valleys" include all the valleys of the Mississippi, Missouri and Red River of the North and their tributaries, Meridian 90, the base line of my forecasts, runs north and south thru the central parts of those great valleys, St. Louis being near that line.

Weather events for your section depend upon the paths taken by the high and the low, the two principal divisions of the storms. Like every other live thing that exists, every storm is made up of two parts, called positive and negative, or plus and minus; or male and female. The weather forecaster tries to give the path that the center of each of these storm features will take in crossing the continent from westward to eastward. At about the same distance, all around the low, similar weather occurs, while the opposite kind of weather occurs all around the center of the high.

I am expecting the centers of the high and low of this important November storm to move over nearly the same path. They will come down from Alaska, keep to the eastward of the Rockies, cross meridian 90 near 13 and 14, latitude of Tennessee 14 and 15, Pennsylvania 15 and 16, Montréal 16 and 17. These will be very fierce storms, particularly in the northwest quadrant—quarter of a circle—of the high and of the low.

Except that the center of the warm wave will be in the southeast quadrant of the low, while the center of the cold wave is in the northeast quadrant of the high.

Most precipitation of November rain or snow—is expected with this and the storm near 28. Immediately preceding this storm of 14, winter grain is expected to need moisture and the welfare of that growing grain depends largely on the moisture that will come from these two storms.

These will be continental storms and every part of the continent will be affected by them, the kind of weather future that reaches each section depending on the direction and distance from the central paths of the high and low. The Pacific slope will get the weather effects that come with the west side of both the high and the low.

Keeping Books.

Leather-bound books should be kept where the air is hot and dry, and circulates freely enough to prevent the natural oil of the leather drying out too rapidly.

Where Men Shine.

Of course the women wear funny-looking things, but a celluloid collar is not one of them.—Dallas News.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

A2830-\$1.00

Fi Fo Fun—One Step Dancing Honeymoon—Fox Trot

A2879-\$1.00

Just Another Kiss—W Ah There—Fox Trot

A2883-\$1.00

Mohammed—Fox Trot

Afghanistan—Fox Trot

A2895-\$1.00

Bi-La-Bo—Fox Trot

Venetian Moon—Fox Trot

A2898-\$1.00

Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson

C.U.B.A.—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar NOVEMBER 1921

STANDARD TIME

Sun	Sun	Moon	High Water
days	nets	rise	Mark
12 Sat	6 31	4 11	3 19
13 Sun	6 32	4 12	3 20
14 Mon	6 31	4 13	3 21
15 Tues	6 32	4 14	3 22
16 Wed	6 33	4 15	3 23
17 Thurs	6 34	4 16	3 24
18 Fri	6 35	4 17	3 25

First quart. Nov. 7, 10:55 morning.

Full moon, Nov. 15, 1:15 morning.

Last quart. Nov. 22, 6:12 morning.

New moon, Nov. 29, 8:37 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 4th Inst., Charles J. Stern. In this city, 4th Inst., Elizabeth H. Borland, wife of William L. Gibson, aged 56 years.

In this city, 4th Inst., Sarah A., widow of Joseph Greene, aged 84 years.

In this city, suddenly, 10th Inst., Patrick Fogarty.

In this city, 10th Inst., Francis P., infant son of Michael J. and Mary Casey Sullivan.

On Monday, November 7, at her residence, 420 Park avenue, New York, Augusta Isham Scott, widow of the late George W. Scott.

The Winner.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Capt. William F. Teal of the West Side Coast Guard Station is confined for treatment of rheumatism at the Marine Hospital in Chelsea, Mass. As a result of a recent X-ray examination Capt. Teal expects to remain at the Hospital for about two months.

Goose Celebration

The local Goose Club entertained its members last Wednesday afternoon at an informal banquet and non-arid social in honor of the big haul of wild geese recently killed by some of its members. The committee of arrangements included Wm. P. Lewis, Ottowell S. Dodge and Eugene E. Rose.

Clarence H. Lewis has returned to the Island after a two weeks' sojourn in the What-Cheer village.

Officers Elected

The annual election of officers of the Block Island Athletic Association took place last Monday night in Mohegan Hall, a large number of the members being present.

The business meeting which preceded the election was one of the most spirited sessions held during the year, and unless all signs fail the coming year will be one of the most successful in the history of the Organization. The election resulted as follows:

President—Merton Mott.

Vice President—Frank Mott.

Treasurer—Clarence H. Lewis.

Secretary—Roy Mitchell.

Directors—Capt. William Teal, Mrs. Ray Mitchell, F. Earle Lockwood, Mrs. Louise Mitchell and Edgar Tripler.

Musical Director—Mrs. Louise Mitchell.

Floor Director—William Tango Mitchell.

Refreshment Committee—Mrs. Ray Mitchell, Miss Mary Sheffield, Clarence H. Lewis.

Whist Chairman—Merton Mott.

Prize Chairman—Clarence Lewis.

A committee, comprising Merton Mott, Clarence Lewis, Mrs. Ray Mitchell, Miss Mary Sheffield, Clarence H. Lewis, Allen, was appointed to prepare a turkey supper at the next business meeting on December 6th.

Market Whist Notes.

Last Saturday night's market whist in Mohegan Hall proved to be the big social function of the week. The victors and the spoils from the Mitchell Market were as follows:

Homer Sheffield bag of flour, Miss Hattie Hayes ham, Mrs. Elsie Ball 5 lbs. roast pork, Miss Ruby Willis 6 lbs. candy, Winfield Conley sugar, Hurry House basket of fruit, Mrs. Leonard Lockwood variety basket, Miss Louise Sprague 5 lbs. roast beef, Consolation Mrs. Irma Littlefield and Gene Kit Littlefield. The lucky Number dance was won by Mrs. Myrtle Mitchell and J. Eugene Littlefield, 2d.

Mr. Barzilia Dunn died in the Newport Hospital last Tuesday afternoon, due indirectly, it is said, from internal injuries received last summer when his carriage, in which he was riding, was smashed into by an automobile. At this writing the funeral arrangements have not been completed.

Mrs. Venie Willis entertained the Sunshine Club last Monday afternoon at her home in honor of the 10th birthday of her son, Master Clayton Willis.

Aside from the Club those present included Miss Annette Dodge, Miss Estelle McLaren, Miss Stella Smith, Miss Cora Dodge, Masters Clarence Dodge, Vivian Dodge, Stanley Stinson, Aaron Mitchell and

COL. ARTHUR WOODS
Heads National Conference on Unemployment.



DRUGGISTS NEED NO BEER PERMITS

Authority for Sales Covered in Their Federal Licenses to Sell Alcoholic Liquors.

LIMIT MAY BE LIFTED

Declare That 100 Prescription Ruling Is Likely to Be Revoked — No Legal Justification for Limiting Doctors.

Washington.—Druggists who hold permits authorizing them to handle and sell alcoholic liquors have ample authority now to sell beer for medicinal purposes, and no additional permit of authority is necessary, it was officially stated at the internal revenue bureau.

Druggists in their application for permits to purchase malt liquors merely will be required to insert the words "malt liquor" or "beer" in such forms. Physicians will need no further authority or permits to prescribe beer for medicinal uses.

This official view dispelled reports that the prohibition unit of the treasury might require druggists to obtain new permits before they would be allowed to handle or sell beer or other malt liquors.

Commissioner Haynes and his assistants up to the close Saturday were debating their right to force druggists to apply for new permits, but the official opinion apparently will prevail.

Officials of the bureau went further and asserted that there is no legal justification for limiting physicians to 100 prescription blanks every three months. It was predicted that this ruling with a number of others, the legality of which has been questioned, will be revoked.

Officials of the bureau admitted that continuance in force of the 100 prescription limit on physicians violated the spirit of the dry law and stood in direct conflict with the opinions drafted by former Attorney General Palmer. This opinion set forth the fact that the limitation applied only to spirituous liquors, such as whisky, and did not apply to malt or vinous liquors.

Those who supervise issuance of permits appeared. It was said, however, that in cases of druggists who hold permits merely to handle alcohol for use in compounding medicines, that such classes of permits would have to be amended or possible new permits secured before beer sales would be legal.

Only two large breweries, Piel of New York and Schlitz of Milwaukee, thus far have obtained final on permits and are authorized to distribute medicinal beer to the druggist trade. Many other applications are pending.

HARDING SENDS OUT WORLD-PEACE HOPE

Washington.—Hope for world peace was expressed by President Harding, in a message from the telegraph room of the White House. This was part of the ceremony in opening the Radio Central, the giant wireless station near Port Jefferson, L. I. President Harding himself opened the switch of the apparatus set up at the White House, and immediately afterward the following was dispatched:

"To be able to transmit a message by radio, in expectation that it may reach every radio station in the world, is so marvelous a scientific and technical achievement as to justify special recognition."

"It affords peculiar gratification that such a message from the Chief Executive of the United States of America may be received in every land, from the sky, by people with whom our nation is at peace and amity."

"That this happy situation may ever continue, and that the peace which blesses our land may presently become the feature of all lands and peoples, is the earnest hope of the American nation."

JUGO-SLAVIA DEFIES ALLIES

Mobilizing Reservists as Threat Against Hungary.

London.—Jugo-Slavia is defying the Allies and has ordered the mobilization of four classes of reservists as a military threat against Hungary, according to a dispatch from Belgrade.

The Allies had warned Jugo-Slavia and the other members of the "Little Entente" to cease their warlike activities.

It is regarded very seriously in the European capitals.

CUTS FARM LOAN RATES

War Finance Board Fixes 8 Per Cent on Short Term Advances.

Washington.—The War Finance Corporation announced that it had reduced its interest rates on advances to banks for agricultural or live stock purposes under Section 24 of the War Finance Corporation act from 5½ per cent to 5 per cent on all advances maturing in six months or less, without the privilege of renewal, and on all other advances to banks for agricultural or live stock purposes.

The North Shore Fish corporation, in promoting which fraudulent use of the mail was charged against four men, including two bath, Boston attorneys, by federal officials at Boston was organized in September to take over the affairs of the Main Fisheries corporation of Boothbay, in bank-

RÓLAUSE HEGEDUS

Coming Here to Lecture on European Finance.



Rólause Hegedus, former secretary of finance in the Hungarian cabinet, is coming to America to lecture at Columbia University on European finance.

JAPANESE PREMIER STABBED TO DEATH

Takashi Hara Is Assassinated on the Platform of a Tokio Railway Station.

Tokio.—Premier Takashi Hara was stabbed to death here at the Central Railroad station. A crowd of travelers saw the deed.

A Korean boy who had been hiding in a third-class waiting room, sprung on the Premier and stabbed him repeatedly in the breast. Hara died 15 minutes later.

His assailant was immediately arrested.

By peculiar coincidence, the scene of the stabbing was that of the assassination of R. J. O. So, a Korean leader espousing the Japanese cause in Korea, he also having been stabbed to death.

Premier Hara was preparing to depart for Kyoto to attend a meeting of the Selyu-Kai party, of which he was the virtual leader since the death of Prince Ito.

The Premier was in particularly good health and spirits when met by the writer, prior to his departure for the railroad station.

Police who arrested the Premier's assassin did not give out his name, but it is supposed he is a member of the Korean Independent party.

The assassination came as a profound blow to the public here.

When R. J. O. So was assassinated nearly a year ago, the news of the tragedy was withheld from the public for nearly a week.

O. So was a member of the former royal family of Korea and was deeply hated for his espousal of the Japanese administration of Korea.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

A successful mechanically-controlled flying torpedo, destined to revolutionize land and sea warfare, has been developed for the United States army and navy air service. In a secret test two weeks ago, this remarkable air craft, said to be the most important aerial weapon ever constructed, flew over New York.

Senator Sterling (S. D.) leader of the radical drys, is planning to move to some consideration of the anti-beer bill. He already has a clause petition to lay before Vice-President Coolidge in an endeavor to put an end to the filibuster.

After nearly three hours of wrangling the senate re-ordered a complete investigation of the charges made by the junior senator from Georgia, after an amendment by Senator Lenroot limiting the inquiry to the alleged illegal execution of American soldiers by officers in France was accepted.

Sergeant Samuel Woodfill, selected by General Pershing as the greatest war hero of them all, was presented to President Harding and congratulated by the Chief Executive on his war record. He was introduced by Senator Ernst of Kentucky.

Lieut. Col. Williams denied cruelty of marines in Haiti.

A reduction of \$94,000,000 has been made in the estimated expenditures of the government for the fiscal year 1922, President Harding informed Speaker Gillett, in transmitting the deficiency report of Director of the Budget Dawes to the house.

A bill authorizing a \$5,000,000,000 bond issue, the proceeds to be used in public improvements to relieve unemployment, was introduced in the house. Representative Morin, Republican, of Pennsylvania, is sponsor of the bill.

Upon learning that Harold D.son intends to dismiss the entire number of prohibition enforcement agents left over from the William J. McCarthy regime, more than 100 applicants for positions appeared at prohibition headquarters to remind the field head that their applications still are on file.

The North Shore Fish corporation, in promoting which fraudulent use of the mail was charged against four men, including two bath, Boston attorneys, by federal officials at Boston was organized in September to take over the affairs of the Main Fisheries corporation of Boothbay, in bank-

SENATE REJECTS SMOOT SALES TAX

Defeats, 43 to 25, Proposal for 1 Per Cent. Levy to Be Made Upon Manufacturers.

DEMOCRATS UNIT AGAINST

Seventeen Republicans Join in Voting to Reject Burden on All Commodities—Utah Senator Seeks Business Sale Tax of Half of One P. C.

Washington.—The sales tax was rejected by the senate.

The Democrats voted solidly against the sales tax and were joined by 17 Republicans.

The vote, 43 against, to 25 for, was on a proposal by Senator Smoot, Republican, Utah, for a 1 per cent levy, with exemptions provided in the case of sales by farmers of the products of their farms, sales by public utilities and those by the United States or any state or territory, the army and navy hospitals.

The roll call showed:

For the amendment, 25.

Republicans—Bursum, Cameron, Edge, Ernst, Fernald, France, Frelinghuysen, Gooding, Jones of Washington, Keyes, McKinley, Moses, New, Newberry, Nicholson, Oddle, Phipps, Polk, Shortridge, Smoot, Spencer, Washburn, Warren, Watson of Indiana and Weller—23.

Against the amendment, 43:

Democrats—Ashurst, Brouard, Carroway, Fletcher, Gerry, Glass, Harris, Heflin, Jones of New Mexico, Hendrick, King, McKellar, Myers, Overman, Pittman, Pomerene, Reed, Shepard, Simmons, Stanley, Swanson, Trammell, Walsh of Massachusetts, Walsh of Montana, Watson of Georgia, and Williams—20.

This vote was regarded generally as decisive of the whole question of a sales tax at this time; but immediately after it had been announced Senator Stan顿 offered another amendment, embodying a business sales tax of one-half of 1 per cent on gross sales in excess of \$60,000 a year.

In the debate on the defeated manufacturers' sales tax plan some Republicans indicated that a sales tax might have to be provided for in connection with the soldiers' bonus bill, which they predicted would be passed at the next session of Congress.

Discussion of the sales tax was comparatively brief. Senator Smoot was the chief speaker for the plan, which was opposed by Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin; McCumber of North Dakota, McCormick of Illinois, and Nelson of Minnesota, on the Republican side, and Senators Jones of New Mexico, Heflin of Alabama and Simmons of North Carolina, on the Democratic side.

Discussion of the sales tax was comparatively brief. Senator Smoot was the chief speaker for the plan, which was opposed by Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin; McCumber of North Dakota, McCormick of Illinois, and Nelson of Minnesota, on the Republican side, and Senators Jones of New Mexico, Heflin of Alabama and Simmons of North Carolina, on the Democratic side.

The Smoot proposal provided for a graduated corporation tax of from 10 to 15 per cent and for repeal next January 1 of the existing taxes on all transportation, including telephone, telegraph, cable and radio; on soft drinks; on admissions and dues; the special excises or nuisance taxes, and also stamp taxes.

The senate adopted an amendment by Brouard, Democrat, Louisiana, striking out a committee amendment providing that income received by any marital community should be included in the gross income of the spouse having the management and control of such community property, and should be taxed as the income of such spouse.

Senators from Louisiana and eight Western states contended that the committee amendment would overturn laws in their states, which provide that the wife shall have title to one-half of the family property.

The senate also accepted a proposal by Senator Pittman, Democrat, of Nevada, fixing a stamp tax of one cent for each \$20 or fraction of that amount of the value of capital stock, provided the entire value of the share does not exceed \$100. The change did not affect the committee amendment, already agreed to, placing a tax of 5 cents for each \$100 or fraction of the par value of such stock above \$100.

The senate adopted an amendment by Senator Sterling (S. D.) leader of the radical drys, is planning to move to some consideration of the anti-beer bill. He already has a clause petition to lay before Vice-President Coolidge in an endeavor to put an end to the filibuster.

After nearly three hours of wrangling the senate re-ordered a complete investigation of the charges made by the junior senator from Georgia, after an amendment by Senator Lenroot limiting the inquiry to the alleged illegal execution of American soldiers by officers in France was accepted.

Sergeant Samuel Woodfill, selected by General Pershing as the greatest war hero of them all, was presented to President Harding and congratulated by the Chief Executive on his war record.

Speaker Gillett, in transmitting the deficiency report of Director of the Budget Dawes to the house.

A bill authorizing a \$5,000,000,000 bond issue, the proceeds to be used in public improvements to relieve unemployment, was introduced in the house. Representative Morin, Republican, of Pennsylvania, is sponsor of the bill.

Upon learning that Harold D.son intends to dismiss the entire number of prohibition enforcement agents left over from the William J. McCarthy regime, more than 100 applicants for positions appeared at prohibition headquarters to remind the field head that their applications still are on file.

Gen. Diaz, now in Washington representing the Italian government as a guest of the American Legion, will visit Boston early in December, according to a reply Mayor Peters received from him in answer to the mayor's invitation.

ECZEMA ON FACE CUTICURA HEALED

Spread On Hands. Itched and Caused Disfigurement.

"When I was six years old I had eczema on my face and it spread on my hands. A spot would break out and then a hard scale formed. It itched so that it often caused sleepless hours and also caused disfigurement."

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. I bought more and when I had used three cakes of Soap and one box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Alice G. Fruin, Lyonsdale, N. Y.

"Improve your Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Sample Box Free by Mail Address: Cuticura Laboratories, 1000 Broadway, New York. Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Cuticura Soap shaves without razor."

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

INCORPORATED 1810

DEPOSITS

October 14, 1920	October 14, 1921	Increase
\$11,413,606.69	\$12,170,081.74	\$756,475.06

At 4 1-2% per annum

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

YOUR BANK BOOK

A CONSTANT REMINDER

Your bank book is a constant reminder of thrift and regular deposits, an incentive for accumulating more money. Come in now, and deposit a few dollars to your credit, and get your bank book.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON K. SCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

[Branch, 16 Broadway]

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Goods

Are Fresh

Associate

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest
From the Six States

Fifty-one denominational trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and the presidents of all state Christian Endeavor Unions, representing more than 3,000,000 persons, have forwarded a petition to the American delegates to the coming disarmament conference, urging the utmost possible limitation of national armaments, according to a statement issued by the Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder and president of the International organization.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

By WALTER BESANT

Condensation by
Charles H. Lincoln

Sir Walter Besant, novelist and biographer, lover of London and of the poor folk who lived in the slums of the British metropolis, was born at Portsmouth, England, Aug. 14, 1853. He died on June 9, 1901.

Besant was one of the most magnanimous men of his time. He was educated at King's College, London, and at Cambridge; he taught in a college on the picturesque island of Mauritius; he was secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He earned the undying gratitude of young writers by establishing the Society of Authors, which kept them from being duped by unscrupulous publishers and editors. He labored indefatigably to improve the conditions of the poor.

Of his many novels, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" stands out above all others—a tale of the poor that gripped the minds of his readers.

THIS girl was the greatest heiress in England. On the morrow she was to leave the university where, in anticipation of assuming the responsibility of her fortune, she had acquired all of the theory of political economy that text books could give her. Speaking to a girl friend she summed up the sources of her wealth:

"To begin with, there is the Brewery. You cannot escape from a big brewery if it belongs to you. You cannot hide it away. Messenger, Marsden & Company's Stout, their XXX, their Old and Mild, their Bitter, their Family Ales (that particularly at eight-and-six the nine-gallon cask, if paid for on delivery), their stouts, their huge horses, their strong men—these things star one in the face wherever you go. I am Messenger, Marsden & Company, myself, the sole partner in what my lawyer sweetly calls the Concern."

Also there was an unconscionable sum of money in the funds. And whole streets of houses.

Yet Angela Messenger never had been inside one of her own houses. Never had visited her brewery. She knew all the theories about people, but she didn't know people themselves. She resolved:

"I efface myself. I vanish. I disappear. Your Angela will be a dressmaker, and she will live by herself and become—what her great grandmother was—one of the people."

This was in June, 1881.

For a long time to come, fashionable London would see Angela Messenger no more.

But in Whitechapel district, a charming young woman clairvoyant the name of Kennedy appeared from nowhere in particular, to open dressmaking rooms.

At Mrs. Bormalack's boarding house she met the man.

The man had all of personal refinement, education and aristocratic poise that was to be expected in the favorite member of the family of Lord Jocelyn Le Breton. Reaching the age of twenty-three, he had been told the secret of his birth; his only claim upon that home of wealth and social distinction was one of gratitude. For, in truth, he had been the child of a sergeant in the English army; and instead of Le Breton, his name was Goslett—Harry Goslett, the first name being pronounced "Arry in the neighborhood where he had been born.

Free to make his choice, he resolved to go back to his own people.

Mrs. Bormalack's boarding house was old and mean.

The boarders numbered an elderly couple from a New Hampshire town, boggling the delusions that they were rightful owners of a peerage, and awaiting the day when their rights would be recognized; a slight-of-hand performer out of employment, who bored his fellows by practicing his magic upon them; a learned scholar from Australia, who claimed the discovery of the original tablets of stone upon which the Ten Commandments had been written, but who was deprived of the glory due such an achievement by the jealousy of rival scholars; a clerk in the great brewery, who for thirty years had labored under suspicion of stealing certain valuables from a safe of the Concern, holding on to an ill-paid position through the decades, without hope of promotion or fear of discharge, until guilt might be proven or the missing valuables discovered.

In such surroundings, Angela and Harry naturally gravitated toward each other. Without question, they took each other at face value.

Their talk naturally would come around to the wealthy Miss Messenger—whom none of those concerned with the story except Miss Kennedy ever had seen. They would speculate as to what they would do with her money, if they had the opportunity.

The cabinet-maker, Harry, had ideas. He had observed a lack in the life of the East End of London, with its two millions of people. "We have no pleasures; a theater and a music hall in Whitechapel Road. That has to serve for two millions of people."

Now if this young heiress wanted to do any good, she should build a Palace of Pleasure here."

"Let us talk over your Palace of Pleasure," she said.

And as time went on they elaborated and amplified the idea, as the needs of the people among whom they lived became more apparent to them. To him it was a fanciful idea, largely of interest because it gave him opportunity to talk with the little dressmaker. To her, it was the opportunity for which the greatest heiress in England had gone searching in Whitechapel.

But first came the "Stepney Dressmakers' Association." Never before had London seen such a business, conducted upon such extraordinary principles. The young women employed actually were encouraged to leave their work at certain hours, to exercise and play. They were furnished appetizing food at the expense of the shop. Lawn tennis courts were provided for them. In the evenings, they were encouraged to dance and sing. And a share of the earnings of the establishment was theirs.

Miss Kennedy's backer in this venture was supposed to be the wealthy Miss Messenger, of the brewery. The young cabinet-maker, already deep in love with the dressmaker, suggested that Miss Kennedy might persuade Miss Messenger to start the Palace of Delight, as he now called it.

"What is a Palace of Delight?" he was asked.

"Truly wonderful it is," said Harry, "to think how monotonous are the gifts and bequests of rich men. Schools, churches, almshouses, hospitals—that is all; that is their monotonous round." Then he proceeded to give his imagination full sway in a day-dream that unknown to him for the time being, was to become a wonderful reality through the magic of the Messenger millions.

While the Palace was growing, Miss Kennedy, through her supposed influence with the unseen Miss Messenger, was bringing sunshine into the lives of the poor folk of Mrs. Bormalack's boarding house. The seekers for a passage were set up in the Messenger mansion in the city, and had a taste of all that wealth could bestow. The discoverer of the Tablets of Stone had his discovery put into a book, and was sent home to Australia glowing with joy and pride. The slight-of-hand man was given opportunity to prove his skill, and proposed marriage in return. All this through the dressmaker's "influence" with the heiress of the brewery.

The young cabinet-maker, for his part, found the long-missing valuable and freed the old clerk from the suspicions he had labored under for thirty years. At the same time, Harry discovered proof that he himself was a fairly well-to-do person.

He sold his heart and fortune of the feet of the dressmaker. The day for the wedding was set.

All this time, it is remembered, the young man had no inkling of the girl's identity; nor did he know that his imaginary Palace of Delight actually was taking form in brick and stone. The girl, however, had long since discovered the secret of Harry's life.

Harry saw his Palace of Delight only when all was completed. It contained a great hall, where a thousand couples could dance without crowding. On wet days it was to be a playground for children. There was a concert room, with organ and piano and a platform; rooms for painting, drawing, wood-carving and all manner of small arts.

"In the Palace of Delight," said Angela, "we shall not be like a troop of revellers, thinking of nothing but dance and song and festing. We shall learn something every day; we shall all belong to the same class. This is our own palace, the club of the working people; we will not let anybody make money out of it. We shall use it for ourselves, and we shall make our enjoyment by ourselves."

The first notes of the great organ of the Palace were the wedding march of the girl and the man. The first festivities within the walls attended their wedding feast.

And still the man whose imagination had given birth to these marvels had never guessed that his bride was anything but what she seemed.

The truth came to him only when, in the evening, she came to him no longer clad as a simple dressmaker, but radiant in white satin, mystic, wonderful, with white veil and white flowers, and round her white throat a necklace of sparkling diamonds, and diamonds in her hair.

"Take her, my boy," said Lord Jocelyn proudly. "But you have married—not Miss Kennedy at all—but Angela Messenger."

Harry took his bride's hand in a kind of stupor.

"Forgive me, Harry," she said, "say you forgive me."

Then he raised her veil and kissed her forehead before them all. But he could not speak, because all in a moment the sense of what this would mean poured upon his brain in a great wave, and he would fain have been alone.

Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Copyright in the United Kingdom, the Dominions, its Colonies and Dependencies, under the copyright act, by the Post Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. All rights reserved.

Coal From Spitzbergen.

A few months ago the first Holland contingent of engineers and coal miners embarked for Spitzbergen to work the extensive coal properties recently acquired by a group of well-known Holland commercial men. The first cargo of Spitzbergen coal arrived at Rotterdam, August 11, direct from the mines of the Netherlands-Spitzbergen company. Notwithstanding the high freight rates, it has been shown that Spitzbergen coal can be held down in Holland at a price lower than that paid for English or German coal.

Easy access to the coal fields and economical working of the mines make these cheaper deliveries to Holland possible. Enormous amounts of coal are available.

In such surroundings, Angela and Harry naturally gravitated toward each other. Without question, they took each other at face value.

Their talk naturally would come around to the wealthy Miss Messenger—whom none of those concerned with the story except Miss Kennedy ever had seen. They would speculate as

to what they would do with her money, if they had the opportunity.

The cabinet-maker, Harry, had ideas. He had observed a lack in the life of the East End of London, with its two millions of people. "We have no pleasures; a theater and a music hall in Whitechapel Road. That has to serve for two millions of people."

Violet and the Voice

By RUBY DOUGLAS.

© 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Violet Sherwood had fallen in love with a voice. She was a telephone operator in a village exchange and she listened all day to various kinds of voices.

"It's just spring, Vi," said her chum when Violet confided to her that she had become smitten with a voice.

Violet shook her head. "No, Grace; I'm really and truly in love with him," she confessed.

"But you don't know who he is. He may be married—or old—or homely."

"He may be—but his voice is the most wonderful thing in the world to me."

Violet learned, in the course of a few weeks, that the voice belonged to the commissioner of finance in the village board. It came continually from that office and at last she learned the identity of the man.

Unlike the modern girl, Violet was shy about men. She had never been thrown with them and she had never cared even slightly for any of the boys whom she had met in business or at school. Now she dreamed of this man with the wonderfully rich, gentle voice, but she dared not try to see him.

"Oh, Vi," cried her chum one day, bounding into the exchange office and coming close to where Violet sat at the switchboard. "I have seen your voice!"

Violet blushed. "Really, Grace? What?"

He's a widower, middle aged, not bad to look at. I had to go for my dog license and I got into his office by mistake. He was very kind—but well, I'm not crazy about him. His name is Valentine, too!"

"Yes, I know his name, George Valentine. He comes of Quaker stock and is very well thought of in the village," said Violet.

Grace laughed. "Oh, ho, so you have been looking him up!"

"Just casually," Violet admitted. "I wish—I wish he wouldn't use the phone when I am on. His voice upsets me for the whole day. I—I wonder if love always does that?"

Grace slipped the instrument over her carefully-arranged hair. "Oh, sure it does; especially in April, kid."

Violet sighed. "It's just like me to fall in love so foolishly. My mother calls me esthetic because I am so much affected by tones, colors, voices."

"Natty, I'll say," laughed Grace. "Number, please?"

Violet went off duty that day wondering why it had been her fate to fall in love with a widower old enough to be her father and one whom she had never seen. And yet in love she knew she was.

The following Sunday she decided to get out into the woods to look for spring flowers. "Another sign of being in love," her chum had told her.

She walked along the highway until she came to a hillside where she knew there would be an abundance of spring blossoms. She did not wander far from the edge of the woods, for she had told her mother not to worry.

"Why is it that I love the flowers so much more this spring?" she asked herself as she gathered sprays of primroses and here and there an anemone. "They are so, wonderfully sweet." She buried her nose in the dewy depths of the pink blossoms.

Suddenly she looked up. She had heard a voice—the Voice.

A little car had stopped at the woods' edge and a young man had jumped out. "Yep, dad; it's flat!"

Violet observed that the owner of the voice was young—too young to be a widower. She wondered if Grace could have been deliberately playing with her. But no, she remembered the commissioner of finance whose voice she knew she was in love with was widower and middle aged. But this lad had the same voice.

Violet stood still in the woods. The trees partly hid her from the street.

"Wait, I'll give you a hand," said a man in the same voice.

Violet moved so as to see the two men who were in the little roadster. A middle-aged man had alighted and was taking off his coat preparatory to removing the flat tire.

"Two of them," said Violet to herself. She heard the men talking and she knew that the son had inherited the rich, mellow tones of his father. She stirred and the two working on the tire looked up.

The young fellow stared almost. Then, in a low tone, he said something to his father.

As Violet came toward them to reach the highway again, her hands full of flowers, the young man raised his cap and came toward her.

"Aren't you Violet Sherwood who used to be in my class in the Glen Ridge school?" he asked.

Violet blushed pinker than the flowers she held. "Why—yea. I went to Glen Ridge school—but I don't remember you. I'm sorry."

The young man laughed. "I can't tell you why I remember you, either—but I did. My mother died and they sent me off to boarding school and this is my first visit back home. Dad—oh, I beg pardon—my father, Mr. Valentine, Miss Sherwood—my dad doesn't like to be bothered with me about the place."

The elder man put a hand across his son's shoulders. "Miss Sherwood does not believe that, my boy, I'm sure."

Violet thrilled at the voice she had been cherishing as her romance. "No, I don't, quite, Mr. Valentine," she heard herself saying stupidly. "I—I think I know you, over the telephone, do I not?" she asked the father.

The man hesitated for an instant. Then a smile came to his lips, a smile

that had in it as much of personality of magnetism, as his voice. "Oh, are you the little operator who so quickly and courteously gets me my numbers in the morning?" he asked, looking at her intently.

Violet nodded. "Do get your numbers every morning, Mr. Valentine, and when I heard your son's voice a moment ago—I was startled. I thought it was you."

The younger man was busy replacing a tire on the wheel. He was anxious to be on his way. The father, his intentions of the best, perhaps had not helped materially in the work of changing the tire.

"Could we not give you a lift into the village?" asked the father when the tools had been replaced and the car was ready for the road again.

"Of course, Violet, jump in," said the young man, breezily.

Violet observed that while the quality of the voices was the same there was a lack of depth to the son's tones.

That night she struggled with herself. The voice was almost the same. There was no comparison in the two men from a standpoint of appearance. And yet she still loved the voice that had thrilled her across the wire for weeks.

After that Violet and Mr. Valentine met for lunch in a village tea room. Violet began to live in the seventh heaven of delight. She knew that the man loved her.

"I wish it might have been Tom," he said one night when he had taken her home from a meeting.

"You do?" asked Violet, looking up at him, disappointment in her tone.

"It would have been more—more fitting, dear, I love you as he never could have loved you, but—you are such a child."

"I may be a child in your eyes, but I am old enough to love and appreciate the worth of the father—in this case—above the youthful attractions of his son. Won't you—can't you believe me?"

Violet's voice was very earnest; her eyes were very serious.

"It seems as if I must believe, dear—I love you so."

HAWTHORN'S BOYHOOD HOME

House on Sebago Lake Is to Be Preserved as a Community Center.

The house on the shores of Sebago Lake at South Casco, Me., in which Nathaniel Hawthorne lived as a boy and where he made his home when he was attending Bowdoin College, is to be preserved as a community house. Citizens and summer residents have just formed a corporation for the purpose.

Robert Manning of Salem, Mass., who owned thousands of acres of land about Sebago Lake, built the house in 1814 for his sister, who was Hawthorne's mother. Mrs. Hawthorne had lost her husband at sea and lived afterwards in retirement. Hawthorne was ten years old when he came to the new home with his mother, and this continued to be his home until after his graduation from Bowdoin College in 1825, when he returned to Salem.

The building was used as a boarding house for a long time after the Hawthorn

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

W. A. J. S.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having wa-
ters introduced into their residences or
places of business should make application
to the office, Marlborough Street, near
Thames.

Office hours from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m.

BELIEF COST HIM HIS JOB

Reporter Was Discharged Because He
Had Faith In Practicability of
Edison's Electric Lamp.

"Did you ever hear of the New York newspaper reporter who lost his job, only a few years ago, because he wrote an article for his paper about Edison's demonstration of his first electric lamp? The publisher said he had no place on his paper for a darned fool who would believe you could split electricity through a wire that had no hole in it, and fired the reporter unmercifully."

The speaker was a grizzled old electrical engineer, who has attained the age when he is inclined to look back on things as they were and to attempt to understand the forces that have brought about the marvelous changes he has witnessed within his lifetime.

"You know," he continued, "as I look back upon the development of electrical engineering, it seems to me that advertising has had more to do with it than any other factor. Electrical companies are willing to go almost any length in the development of new conveniences because they have learned not only about electricity, but have also learned what is more important—how to tell the people about their products, through advertising.

"Suppose I have an idea for a new kind of electric lamp. I could afford to spend nearly any amount in perfecting it, because, within a few weeks after it is ready for the market I can through advertising, get it on the shelves of thousands of merchants, and I can have millions of people asking for it by name."

MEANT TO HOLD PRISONERS

ON SUPERIOR WEAPONS
Chances on His Charges Getting
Away From Him.

"The late Willard Straight," said a Cornell professor, "often used to tell a story which typified, he said, China and the Chinese."

"Straight, in his official capacity in China, once had occasion to hand over to a Chinese policeman nine Chinese delinquents. This happened in a small, inland village, and Straight that night walked round to the policeman's quarters to see how his prisoners were getting along.

"He found them holding hands in a ring—or so, at least, it seemed—and dancing round and round a tall flagstaff, like children playing ring-around-a-rosy. Straight drew nearer, and saw that the men were not really holding hands, but were handcuffed wrist to wrist.

"The policeman then came out and stirred them up with a long pole, whereupon they danced a little faster. The policeman explained to Straight that there was no village jail, and so he had adopted this flagstaff method of detaining his prisoners.

"But why," said Straight, "do you keep them dancing all the time?"

"That," said the policeman, "is to prevent them from climbing up the flagstaff and escaping."

"Straight tried to explain that nine men, handcuffed together, could scarcely climb up a flagstaff simultaneously, but the policeman thought it was best to be on the safe side, and his nine prisoners danced their weary dance round the flagstaff all night long."

Buying and Selling Without Money.

The difficulties in conducting trades without money are illustrated in the following, reported by the United States Trade commission at Rio:

According to current news from Soviet Russia, the Council of the People's Commissariat has established arbitrary exchange values for certain commodities, with one pound (36 pounds) of rye grain taken as the basis. It is stated that this move has been made necessary by the re-introduction of freedom in private trade.

From these arbitrary commodity exchange values, as established in June, it appears that one pound of rye grain is fixed as the equivalent of 12 pounds of salt, 25 pounds of petroleum, 12 packages of matches, 3 metal pails, 4 iron spades or 8 arshins (1 arshin equals 28-inches) of calico.

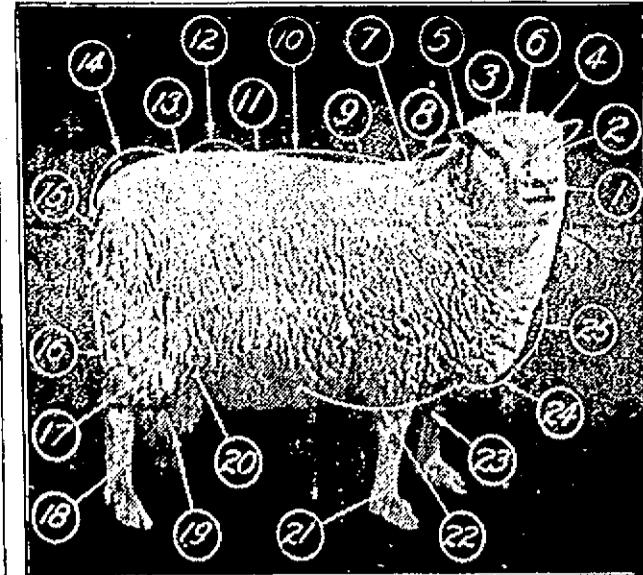
It has been stated by a French scientist that it is possible for us to see without eyes!

Professor Farigoule asserted that certain subjects in a state of somnambulism, when blindfolded, behaved as if they were still able to see. He therefore hypnotized a subject, and, having blindfolded him, suggested that he could still see the title of a newspaper. The result was successful.

Experiments were tried on five other subjects, and the result obtained in the first case was confirmed.

Professor Farigoule explained that there are many different varieties of nerve-endings in the skin. The argument advanced is that it is unlikely that all these various forms of nerve-endings have to do with the sense of touch, and that it is just as likely that some of them are connected with the sense of vision.

SHEEP, OF ALL FARM STOCK, ARE THE MOST DIFFICULT TO JUDGE



The External Parts of a Sheep—1, Muzzle Broad, Lips Thin, Nostrils Large; 2, Face Short, Features Clean-Cut; 3, Eyes Large and Clear; 4, Forehead Broad; 5, Ears Alert and Not Coarse; 6, Poll Wide; 7, Top of Shoulder Compact; 8, Neck Short, Thick, Blending Smoothly With Shoulders; 9, Shoulder Thickly Covered With Flesh; 10, Back Broad, Straight, Thickly Covered; 11, Ribs Long, Well Sprung, and Thickly Covered; 12, Loins Broad, Thick, and Well Covered; 13, Hips Wide and Smooth; 14, Rump Long, Level and Wide to Dock; 15, Dock Thick; 16, Twiat Deep and Firm; 17, Thighs Full, Deep and Wide; 18, Legs Straight, Short, and Bone Smooth; 19, Cod or Purse in Wether, Scrotum in Ram, Under in Ewe; 20, Flank Full and Deep; 21, Forelegs Straight, Short, and Strong; 22, Chest Deep, Wide, and Full; 23, Forelegs Wide Apart and Forearm Strong; 24, Brisket Full and Rounding in Outline; 25, Breast Well Extended.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Can you judge sheep? If you can, you are somewhat above the ordinary run of stock raiser, because of all farm animals, in the estimate of the United States Department of Agriculture, the sheep is the most difficult to appraise accurately.

With horses, cattle, swine, or poultry the eye will tell much as to the quality for any purpose desired, and by seeing the animals constantly the breeder or handler learns to estimate their worth, point by point. But a sheep with full fleece is, like certain members of the human race, artfully dressed—it clothing may conceal defects that make it absolutely undesirable, or at least detract from its worth.

Sheep Judging Requires Study.

Nevertheless, sheep judging is possible to anyone who will give it study and practice and the eye is an important agent, although it must be assisted by a careful inspection with the hand.

Any sheep raiser who desires to improve his flock can profit by attending the next county or state fair and following the judges as they go through the sheep pens. If the judges will permit one to try his hand and check up against their findings, it will be much better. A good score card is essential, and one is contained in Farmers' Bulletin 1100, "Judging Sheep," sent on request by the department.

The experienced judge may not appear to spend any time looking at the sheep before he starts the hand inspection; but as a matter of fact, his practiced eye takes in the entire contour, build, and bearing. The student-judge should stand away and carefully view the animal from the front, side, and rear.

The score card allows 25 out of 100 points for general appearance, of which normal weight counts 5; form is given 10, the specifications being straight top and under line, deep, broad, low set for breed, compact, well proportioned.

Under "quality," to which another 10 is assigned, the score card specifies: Hair, fine; bone, fine, but strong; features, fine, but not delicate; skin, pink.

After the sheep has been inspected from a distance, one should check up his observations by going over the animal's body with the hand, keeping in mind the first impressions. Practice is necessary to get the correct touch. Pounding and clawing are out of order. Do not muss the fleece if the animal has been prepared for exhibition.

The score card allows 12 points for condition, comprising an even, deep, firm flesh covering, with fullness in shoulder and brisket, thick covering over top of shoulders, back, rib, and thick dock.

Points Noted in Judging.

Head and neck are given nine points, of which five go for a head with clean-cut, strong mouth, thin lips, large nostrils, large, clear eyes, alert look, short face, broad forehead, alert and well-spaced ears. Four points are given to neck short, thick and smoothly joined to the shoulder.

Ten points are assigned to the fore-quarters of which eight may be given to the shoulders. They should be compact on top, smoothly joined with neck and body, and well covered with flesh; six for straight, broad back, thickly and evenly covered with flesh; six for wide, thick loin, well covered.

The body may count 18 points—two for deep, wide, full chest; four for ribs well sprung, close, and thickly covered; six for straight, broad back, thickly and evenly covered with flesh; six for wide, thick loin, well covered.

Seventeen points are given to perfect hind quarters. Level, smooth hips, wide apart, count one; long level, wide rump, thick at dock, four; full, deep, wide thighs, four; deep, firm, plump twist, four; well down on leg, five; straight, short legs, set well apart.

The body may count two if well formed.

Nine points are given to wool—three for quantity, three for quality, and three for condition.

After practice in score-card judging comparing the exhibited animal with an ideal, for it takes a good animal to score 75 and a choice animal to score 90—one is ready to judge by comparing animals one with another. Keep in mind the standard they should approach, and appraise them against one another, point by point.

PARIS ADOPTS LONGER SKIRTS

Ten Inches Favored for Suits,
With Dressy Frock Touching the Floor.

SLEEVES MUCH IN LIMELIGHT

Arm Covering Beautiful and Wonderful to Behold—Loose and Wrappy Coats Are Favored—Evening Gowns Are Draped.

Paris seeks its beauty in the ways of fashion for 1921 that surpasses even her previous efforts, observes a fashion writer. The designers there in the heaven of good dressing have created costumes and coats and suits to rival even their own efforts of the past.

The word is that there is nothing radically different, and yet each thing is so different in itself that it deserves a paragraph—a eulogy—all its own. The Parisian designer cannot repeat himself. His every effort is a distinct achievement, and the French gowns that are shown for this season only serve to accentuate that fact. One can look at them forever and not run the risk of being bored by any bald repetition.

But as for the points of style, Yes, there are these in some abundance, and when one starts to assemble them one finds that they are much more numerous than they promised to be.

The skirts are longer. That in itself is an established fact. Some of the designers have chosen to leave the suit skirts at a moderate length, say ten inches from the floor, but the more dressy the frock, the longer it grows, until we find them for evening touching the floor in some few cases. However, if it is smart, it is long.

Sleeves Are Much Longer.

Then, to follow the lines of the dropping skirts, every other line, by force of suggestion, has also taken a drop. There are the sleeves. They are much longer, and they are broader, too, just as the skirts have taken to themselves more fullness.

Sleeves, in fact, are the sensation of the season. We had expected them to be. We had looked to skirts to provide the thrill of change, but here are the sleeves most beautiful, most wonderful to behold. Dressmakers and designers had had a rest from sleeves for some time, so they come back to the problem with a zeal that shows itself gloriously in the things they have put before the public. And the women who love to dress—they, too, come back to sleeves with enthusiasm, glorying to show the graceful sweep of their arms by the whirling of the chiffon trailing along, clinging to feel the looseness and wrappiness of the extra folds about their arms.

Sleeves are trimmed and trimmed in many different ways. There are heavy trimmings on frail foundations and there are wavy lines of tulle applied to heavier materials. There are sleeves of alternating stripes running cross-



Model in Black Velours de Laine;
Trimmings of Steel Embroidery and
Gray Lamb.

wise and those where the stripes run lengthwise. But the most amusing sleeves of all are those that are made of materials quite contrasting to the gowns themselves—brilliant sleeves of flowing graceful lines attached to frocks of neutral tone. Just as we expect to see brilliancy of color worked into a belt or a girdle, so we are having it this season flashing from the sleeves. It is a new note and one that is quite satisfactorily becoming.

Loose and Wrappy Coats.

Paris has a feeling for loose and wrappy coats worn with dresses to harmonize or to match exactly. This fashion, she declares, is one that is so easily feminine that for beauty and charm it can find no equal. When they make suits over there they employ more or less trimming, making them look as much like street dresses as they do like tailored suits. They call them tailleur, but they bend every effort to take any hardness of a tailored look away from them.

The dresses among the Paris show-

logs are inclined, as a class, to have long waists, again presenting the harmony of long lines. The French dresses blouse over the hips at a low line, which, a year ago, we would have believed impossible to wear. But they have done it and done it well and it's really surprising how becoming the longer waistline, not to mention a bulging waistline, can be. Even on the evening gowns the waistline is accentuated by thick and protruding trimmings. One no longer makes a fetish of the fairy waistline, but one adds on interminably with no thought for thinness just at that particular place.

The evening gowns are draped and draped again, with one portion of the drapery obliterating another portion.



Gray Caracul and Blue Velour Are Used for the Construction of This Tailleur.

They look always as though the maker had revelled in the draping of the fabrics and as though she had let her whim carry her along as she pinned and shaped.

Make the Lines Long.

So, Paris says, for these new gowns and coats and wraps and suits make the lines long and the figure tall, and to gain this effect use every trick and folly known to the dressmaker's art. Even the collars are high and tight to add to the general lengthening scheme. And the hats, too, are apt to go straight, into the air, in another elongated line.

Color is life among the winter things, for Paris seems to have broken away from the binding spell of black and still more black. Many of their models are, of course, in black, but that somber tone is not entirely prevalent, and we see many of the fuchsia shades, with a decided leaning toward all of the shades of violet used either alone or in combination with other colors. The taupe and gray shades are still good, and we find splashes of more brilliant reds, oranges and greens. A certain dull rust color is one of the French favorites, and they use this in masses uninterrupted by other tones, or they employ it for trimming where it lends a most interesting color note.

Parisian designers are using a great deal of velvet for the winter models, and they cling to the soft weaves of dorelyn and the thicker woolly fabrics, but they have done many interesting things with fine serges and wooden crepes, while a number of them show broadcloth as the very latest idea in the making of gowns and coats.

For evening the metal cloths are as good as ever they were, and while there is a good deal of brocade, it is not nearly so universally used as it was last season. Tulle and chiffon are good, but mostly when they are combined with other materials.

Copy the Russian Blouse.

Most of the jackets on the French tailleur follow the lines of the Russian blouse, but the interpretation is so pliable that there are many dozens of expressions of the same idea. These little, bloused coats are held around their lower edges by twisted and corded belts and tassels with ends that dangle either at the side, at front or directly in the middle of the back. Some of the Russian coats are modified and adjusted in very interesting fashion. For instance, a gray costume has a tiny jacket which ends at an extremely short length and falls over a continuation of its own line which fits the figure rather more closely and is made of light-colored velvets embroidered in gray. The whole gives the effect of rather interesting lampshade drooping over the crushed belt. Another costume suit has a skirt of black velvet and a loose ash-gray jacket that is applied with black velvet figures, making altogether a Greenwich model.

Competition.

A young man from sunny Italy was testifying in the Cross county (Arkansas) circuit court in a case in which he was plaintiff, and, true to his nature, was very excited and talking as fast as his knowledge of the English language would permit.

Looking down at the stenographer, he noticed for the first time that his testimony was being reduced to writing (the reporter was trying his best to keep up), and therewith began to talk faster than ever, until finally he burst forth at the reporter:

"Don't write so fast; I can't keep up with you."

Manifold Uses of Silk.

Silk is one of the most used materials in modern merchandise, as a member of a big city firm has discovered. He finds it in from 30 to 35 different departments in his own establishment. It is in departments of women's, and children's, gowns, in men's, women's and children's underwear, in the hosiery department, men's and women's neckwear, handkerchiefs, in the umbrella department, in upholstery, in fancy goods, and even among the notions, where spool silk is sold. Classified in this way, silk comes to rank more as a generally useful article than the luxury it is supposed to be.

Security of the Nation.

I consider that it is an instruction and education that the future security and direction of the destiny of every nation chiefly and fundamentally rests—Kesey.

Where Reasonableness Ended.

"Reasonable puppies," advertises a dog advertiser. Did you ever see a puppy that was reasonable when he got hold of your Sunday hat?

Material for Pipes.

Corsica annually produces about 6,000 tons of reeds for the manufacture of briar pipes for smokers.

Must Live and Learn.

Young people never will be circum-

spec. Human affairs must always be arranged in consideration of this fact,

SECRET ORDERS ANCIENT

Present Vogue of Emblems, It Can Be Proved, Is More Than 6,000 Years Old.

"Do you notice what an increase there has been in the wearing of emblem and fraternal pins, these days?" asked Jones.

"I suppose you think that is just an up-to-date fad, don't you?" returned his friend of antiquarian bent. "Well, let me tell you, it is

HISTORICAL AND HERALDIC NOTES AND QUERIES

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1921

NOTES

(Continued)

1801

The largest merchant ship in the United States, called the China, of Philadelphia, arrived at Newport from India, being 1000 tons burthen.

Congress passed a judiciary bill, creating five circuits and fifteen judges.

Hon. Benjamin Bowen, the District Judge of Rhode Island appointed one of the new Circuit Judges.

Hon. Ray Green, United States Senator, appointed District Judge of Rhode Island, in place of Judge Bowen.

Thomas Chadwick, a citizen of Newport, was instantly killed by the falling of a block on board the ship China.

Congress made choice of Thomas Jefferson as President of the United States, after 36 ballots, by a majority of States over Aaron Burr.

This year there was a change in the politics of Rhode Island. Constant Parker, Christopher Elery, Samuel Vinson, Walter Nichols, T. G. Pitman and Paul M. Uniford were elected Representatives from Newport.

Benjamin Burdett commenced the practice of law in Newport this year. Rev. Joshua Bradley was ordained pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Newport, as colleague to the Rev. Gardner Thurston.

Dr. Havelock Farnsworth commenced practice in Newport.

Dr. Horace Carter, son of the late Dr. Carter, commenced practice in Newport.

Dr. Benjamin Case of South Kingstown commenced practice in Newport this year.

Dr. William Turner, a surgeon in the U. S. Navy, commenced practice in Newport this year.

1802

This year Arthur Fenner was Governor, and Samuel J. Potter, Lieutenant Governor.

Col. Joseph Noyes, a Revolutionary patriot, died at Westerly, March 13, 1802, aged 78. He was father to Col. Thomas Noyes.

Mrs. Martha Washington, widow of Gen. Washington, died at Mount Vernon this year.

The lots on the Long Wharf sold for stores this year.

Rev. Gardner Thurston, for many years Pastor of the Second Baptist Church, died this year, aged 81 years, in Newport.

1803

Capt. Oliver Read, who was distinguished in the Revolutionary War, as Commander of the Privateer Roachambeau, from Newport, died this year at Point Petre, Guadalupe, aged 61 years.

The Masonic Hall, in Newport, was dedicated this year.

The inhabitants of Newport contribute \$800 for the relief of the sufferers by fire in Portsmouth, N. H.

Rev. William E. Channing, a native of Newport, was ordained as Pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston.

Loy Tower commenced the teaching of an academy this year in Newport.

The Rhode Island Union Bank in Newport was established this year.

George Gibbs, one of the most eminent and richest merchants in New England, died at Newport, after a short illness, October 11, 1803, in the 69th year of his age.

Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D., one of the most eminent divines in America, and the Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Newport for many years, died this year at the advanced age of 83 years. He was extensively known by his writings and is known as the author of a system of divinity.

1804

At a meeting of the Rhode Island Bridge Company, it was voted to rebuild the bridge of stone, under the superintendance of Major Daniel Lyman.

Daniel Goddard, James Currie and John Sherman, all of Newport, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat while fishing; William Gyles, one of the company, escaped by clinging to an oar.

A newspaper called the Rhode Island Farmer was commenced this year in Providence. It was edited by Amos Hopkins, Esq.

1805

This year Arthur Fenner was Governor and Paul Mumford, Lieut. Governor.

A yearling hog was killed in Little Compton which weighed 620 pounds.

The season was very severe not only in our own vicinity but to a considerable distance south. The poor of Newport were supplied with soup, by the bounty of a lady from North Carolina (Mrs. Ann Pollock).

Rhode Island Bridge was commenced this year.

Caleb Gardiner chosen president of Rhode Island bank.

Moses M. Hays, who was a merchant in Newport before the American Revolution, died at Boston on the 9th of May, and his remains were brought to Newport and entombed in the Hebrew cemetery.

The celebrated John Hodgkinson performed for six nights to crowded houses, at the theatre in Newport.

John Hodgkinson, the celebrated comedian, died at Washington of a malignant fever.

A new bell for the Episcopal Church in Newport, was procured this year, weighing 1375 lbs.

Samuel Sanford, a cabinet maker, of Newport, drowned himself from one of the wharves of Newport. He was an officer in the Revolutionary War.

William L. Macy and Eleazer Trevett, under the name of Marcy and Trevett, advertised in the Newport Mercury that they had taken the house on Clarke street, lately occupied by William Bridges, where they will open a school on the 18th of November.

Three elegant glass chandeliers were imported from Amsterdam for the use of the Masonic Hall, by Capt. Robert Lawton.

1806

An Independent Company was formed in Newport this year, called the Independent Volunteers.

Simpson and Hope, Capt. Long, of Providence, from India with a valuable cargo of sugar, coffee, cloves, nutmegs, etc., went on shore on the south side of Block Island in a snow storm, and immediately went to pieces, and three of her crew were unfortunately drowned. She belonged to Brown and Sons.

Several persons arrested at Providence for passing counterfeit bills.

Congress passed a judiciary bill, creating five circuits and fifteen judges.

Hon. Benjamin Bowen, the District Judge of Rhode Island appointed one of the new Circuit Judges.

Hon. Ray Green, United States Senator, appointed District Judge of Rhode Island, in place of Judge Bowen.

Thomas Chadwick, a citizen of Newport, was instantly killed by the falling of a block on board the ship China.

Congress made choice of Thomas Jefferson as President of the United States, after 36 ballots, by a majority of States over Aaron Burr.

This year there was a change in the politics of Rhode Island. Constant Parker, Christopher Elery, Samuel Vinson, Walter Nichols, T. G. Pitman and Paul M. Uniford were elected Representatives from Newport.

Benjamin Burdett commenced the practice of law in Newport this year. Rev. Joshua Bradley was ordained pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Newport, as colleague to the Rev. Gardner Thurston.

Dr. Havelock Farnsworth commenced practice in Newport.

Dr. Horace Carter, son of the late Dr. Carter, commenced practice in Newport.

Dr. Benjamin Case of South Kingstown commenced practice in Newport this year.

Dr. William Turner, a surgeon in the U. S. Navy, commenced practice in Newport this year.

1807

This year Arthur Fenner was Governor, and Samuel J. Potter, Lieutenant Governor.

Col. Joseph Noyes, a Revolutionary patriot, died at Westerly, March 13, 1802, aged 78. He was father to Col. Thomas Noyes.

Mrs. Martha Washington, widow of Gen. Washington, died at Mount Vernon this year.

The lots on the Long Wharf sold for stores this year.

Rev. Gardner Thurston, for many years Pastor of the Second Baptist Church, died this year, aged 81 years, in Newport.

1808

Capt. Oliver Read, who was distinguished in the Revolutionary War, as Commander of the Privateer Roachambeau, from Newport, died this year at Point Petre, Guadalupe, aged 61 years.

The Masonic Hall, in Newport, was dedicated this year.

The inhabitants of Newport contribute \$800 for the relief of the sufferers by fire in Portsmouth, N. H.

Rev. William E. Channing, a native of Newport, was ordained as Pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston.

Loy Tower commenced the teaching of an academy this year in Newport.

The Rhode Island Union Bank in Newport was established this year.

George Gibbs, one of the most eminent and richest merchants in New England, died at Newport, after a short illness, October 11, 1803, in the 69th year of his age.

Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D., one of the most eminent divines in America, and the Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Newport for many years, died this year at the advanced age of 83 years. He was extensively known by his writings and is known as the author of a system of divinity.

1809

At a meeting of the Rhode Island Bridge Company, it was voted to rebuild the bridge of stone, under the superintendance of Major Daniel Lyman.

Daniel Goddard, James Currie and John Sherman, all of Newport, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat while fishing; William Gyles, one of the company, escaped by clinging to an oar.

A newspaper called the Rhode Island Farmer was commenced this year in Providence. It was edited by Amos Hopkins, Esq.

1810

This year Arthur Fenner was Governor and Paul Mumford, Lieut. Governor.

A yearling hog was killed in Little Compton which weighed 620 pounds.

The season was very severe not only in our own vicinity but to a considerable distance south. The poor of Newport were supplied with soup, by the bounty of a lady from North Carolina (Mrs. Ann Pollock).

Rhode Island Bridge was commenced this year.

Caleb Gardiner chosen president of Rhode Island bank.

Moses M. Hays, who was a merchant in Newport before the American Revolution, died at Boston on the 9th of May, and his remains were brought to Newport and entombed in the Hebrew cemetery.

The celebrated John Hodgkinson performed for six nights to crowded houses, at the theatre in Newport.

John Hodgkinson, the celebrated comedian, died at Washington of a malignant fever.

A new bell for the Episcopal Church in Newport, was procured this year, weighing 1375 lbs.

Samuel Sanford, a cabinet maker, of Newport, drowned himself from one of the wharves of Newport. He was an officer in the Revolutionary War.

William L. Macy and Eleazer Trevett, under the name of Marcy and Trevett, advertised in the Newport Mercury that they had taken the house on Clarke street, lately occupied by William Bridges, where they will open a school on the 18th of November.

(To be continued)

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

The annual town meeting, which was held on Tuesday in the town hall, was a quiet event, as there was no opposition. There were only about seventy-five votes cast during the entire time. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Frank C. Carey as moderator with Mr. George R. Hicks as clerk. The supervisors who served were Messrs. Charles W. Anthony, Howard A. Pierce, Patrick J. Murphy and David B. Anthony. The following are the regular Republican nominees for town officers, who were elected:

Moderator—Frank C. Carey.

Town Clerk—George R. Hicks.

Town Council—1. William B. Anthony.

2. James P. Sherman, 3. B. Earl Anthony; 4. Jethro J. Peckham; 5. Perry J. Sherman.

Town Treasurer—Warren R. Sherman.

Town Sergeant—William J. Deegan.

Tax Collector—George R. Hicks.

Tax Assessors—John L. Borden,

Arthur L. Borden, James P. Sherman,

Albert W. Laurence, Charles A. Aldrich, Bradford Norman, Reston

P. Manchester.

Judges of the Peace—Ivan Chase,

John L. C. Harrington.

School Committee—Henry F. Anthony, Frederick A. Coggeshall, Ben-

jamin C. Boyd.

Mrs. Elmer J. Peckham, formerly of this town, gave a dinner party at her home in Tiverton on Tuesday evening, in honor of her birthday. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ward Elliott and Mr. and Mrs. George Anthony, Jr., of this town.

A new hotel is being installed in the St. Paul's Guild House. The contract was given to Mr. Benjamin Hart-

ker of this town.

The corporation of St. Mary's parish met recently with the Junior Warden, Mr. Reston P. Manchester, to confer on the matter of calling a rector. As no action was taken, another meeting was called for No-

ember 16.

The pontoons which have been having such a rough voyage around Point Judith were built at the Narragansett Ship Building Yards at the extreme north end of this town.

Senator and Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Mott have returned to their homes from Philadelphia, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Darling.

The auction sale of the 60-acre farm of Mr. Thomas J. Sweet on Mill Lane, which will be followed by the sale of farm stock and tools, will be held on next Tuesday.

An auction sale of farm stock and tools was held on the farm of Mr. Arthur Leland Borden on Friday. Mr. Borden has been in ill health for some time.

Mrs. Laura Durfee, who has made her home for the past two years with her grandson, Mr. Andrew J. Durfee, died suddenly Monday morning at her grandson's Mr. Arthur Durfee, at Bliss Four Corners.

Mrs. William Wyatt has had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Souza and family of Attleboro, Mass.

The funeral of Mrs. Sarah A. Greene was held on Sunday afternoon at St. Paul's Church. Mrs. Greene has been an inmate of the Home for the Aged, Newport, and died there. The funeral services were conducted by the rector, Rev. Charles J. Harriman. The bearers were Messrs. Isaac Macomber, John L. Borden, B. Earl Anthony and Dr. Burton W. Storrs. The interment was in St. Paul's cemetery.

Miss Irene Sewall, who, with her parents, is moving to Springfield in the near future, was given a farewell party on Thursday evening at St. Paul's Guild House. The affair, which was a complete surprise, was arranged by Miss Kathryn Boyd. Dancing was enjoyed and refreshments were served.

Mr. George Anthony is having an addition built on the east end of his barn. Mr. Jethro J. Peckham is the contractor.

Mrs. Letitia Lawton, who has been visiting her son, Mr. Abner P. Lawton, of Providence, has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hathaway have had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McCreary of New Bedford.

The \$250 gold piece offered for the person holding the lucky ticket at the moving picture show at the town hall recently, was awarded to Miss Annie Davis of Turnpike avenue.

The services at St. Mary's Church on Sunday morning was conducted by Lay Reader Dawley of Fall River. The Women's Auxiliary of St. Mary's and Holy Cross parishes will hold their monthly meeting on Friday November 18, at the Holy Cross Guild House. The speaker will be Miss Elizabeth Jennings of St. Mary's Orphanage, Providence.

Portsmouth Grange held its regular meeting at Fair Hall with Worthy Master Henry C. Anthony, Jr., presiding. Men's Night was observed.

The feast committee, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. George Grinnell, served a harvest supper.

The following pupils of the primary department of the Newtown School were perfect in attendance—Zilmeda Brown, Jessie Brown, Gertrude Cochrane, Jennie Cochrane, Kenneth Cornell, Helen Durfee, Laura Morrisette,